

# FESTER

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ESKIMO NELL

Gather round all you whorey

Gather round and hear this storey.

When a man grows old, and his balls go cold,  
And the tip of his prick turns blue;  
And it chafes in the middle like an old string fiddle  
He can tell you a thing or two.  
So pull up a chair, and buy me a drink,  
And a tale to you I'll tell  
Of dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete,  
And a harlot called Eskimo Nell.

When Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete  
Go forth in search of fun  
It's Dead-eye Dick that slings the prick  
And Mexican Pete the gun.  
When Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete  
Are sore, depressed and sad,  
It's always the cunt that bears the brunt  
But the shooting ain't so bad.

Now Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete  
Lived down by Dead Man's Creek,  
And such was their luck they hadn't a fuck  
For well nigh on a week.  
Except a moose or two,  
And a caribou and a bison cow or so.  
And as Dead-eye Dick was a great king-prick  
He found things fucking slow.

So Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete  
Set forth for the Rio Grande,  
Dead-eye Dick with his mighty prick  
And Pete with gun in hand.  
As they blazed their noisy trail  
No man in their path withstood  
And many a bride, her husband's pride,  
A pregnant widow stood.

They reached the banks of the Rio Grande  
At the height of a blazing noon.  
And to slake their thirst, and do their worst,  
They sought Red Mike's saloon.  
And as they pushed the great doors wide  
Both prick and gun flashed free.  
Avoid the sex you bleeding wrecks  
You'll drink or you'll fuck with me.

They knew this trick of Dead-eye Dick  
1 From the Maine to Panama,  
And with scarcely worse than a muttered curse  
Those dagos sought the bar.  
The girls knew too his playfull ways  
Down at the Rio Grande.  
And forty whores pulled down their drawers  
At Dead-eye Dick's command.  
They saw the fingers of Mexican Pete  
Itch on the trigger grip,  
And they didn't wait but at a fearful rate  
Those whorés began to strip.

Now Dead-eye Dick was breathing quick,  
With lecherous snorts and grunts.  
So forty arses were bared to view,  
And likewise forty cunts.  
Now forty arses and forty cunts,  
If you can use your wits,  
And if you're slick at arithmetic,  
Makes exactly eighty tits.



Now eighty tits is a gladsome sight,  
 To a man with a mighty stand.  
 It might seem rare on Berkley Square,  
 But it's not on the Rio Grande.  
 Now Dead-eye Dick had fucked a few  
 On the last preceding night.  
 This he had done just to show his fun,  
 And to whet his appetite.

His phallic limb was in fucking trim,  
 As he backed and took a run.  
 He made a dash to the nearest tart,  
 And scored a hole in one.  
 He bore her to the sandy floor,  
 And there he fucked her fine.  
 And though she grinned,  
 It put the wind up the other thirty-nine.

When Dead-eye Dick lets loose his prick,  
 He's got no time to spare,  
 For speed and strength combined with length  
 He fairly singes hair.  
 He made a dart at the next spare tart,  
 When into that harlots hell  
 There strode a maid who was ne'er afraid,  
 Her name? It was Eskimo Nell!

By this time Dick had got his prick,  
 Well into number two.  
 When Eskimo Nell let out a yell,  
 She bawled to him "Hey You!"  
 He gave a flick of his muscular prick,  
 And the girl flew over his head.  
 And he wheeled about with an angry shout,  
 With his face and knob all red.

She glanced our hero up and down,  
 His looks she seemed to decry.  
 She looked with scorn at his mighty horn,  
 Which rose from his hairy thighs.  
 She blew the smoke from her cigarette,  
 Right over that steaming knob.  
 And so dead beat was Mexican Pete,  
 That he failed to do his job.

'Twas Eskimo Nell who broke the spell,  
 In accents clear and cool.  
 You cunt struck simp of a yankee pimp,  
 You call that thing a tool?  
 If this here town can't take that down,  
 She sneered to those cowering whores,  
 Here's one little cunt that can do the stunt,  
 Here's Eskimo Nell for yours.

She stripped her garments one by one,  
 With an air of conscious pride.  
 And as she stood in her womanhood,  
 They saw the great divide.  
 She seated herself on a tabletop,  
 Where someone had left his glass.  
 With a twitch of her tits she crushed it to bits  
 Between the cheeks of her arse.  
 She flexed her knees with supple ease,  
 And spread her legs apart.  
 With a friendly nod to the rangy sod,  
 She gave him the cue to start.  
 But Dead-eye Dick knew a thing or two,  
 He meant to take his time.  
 A girl like this was fucking bliss,  
 So he played the pantomime.

He flexed his foreskin to and fro,  
 And made his balls inflate,  
 Until they looked like a couple of granite globes  
 On top of a garden gate.  
 He worked his anus in and out,  
 His balls increased in size.  
 His mighty prick grew twice as thick,  
 Till it nearly matched his thighs.

He polished it up with alcohol, and made it  
 And made it steaming hot,  
 To finish the job he sprinkled the knob,  
 With a Cayenne pepper pot,  
 Then he did not take a run,  
 He did not take a leap,  
 He did not stoop, but took a swoop,  
 And a steady forward creep.

With piercing eye he took a sight,  
 Along his mighty tool.  
 The steady grin as he pushed it in  
 Was calculatingly cool.  
 Have you ever seen the pistons work  
 On a giant C.P.R.  
 With a driving force of a thousand horse,  
 Well you know what pistons are.

Or you think you do! But you've yet to learn  
 The ins and outs of the trick  
 Of the work that's done on a non stop run,  
 By a guy like Dead-eye Dick,  
 But Eskimo Nell was no infidel.  
 As good as a whole harem,  
 With the strength of ten in her abdomen,  
 And the rock of ages between.

Amidships she could take a stream,  
 Like the flush of a water closet.  
 She gripped his cock like a Chatswood lock  
 On a National Safe Deposit.  
 But Deadeye Dick could not cum quick,  
 He meant to conserve his powers.  
 If he'd a mind he'd grind and grind  
 For a couple of solid hours.

Nell lay for a while with a subtle smile,  
 The grip of her cunt grew keener.  
 With a sigh she sucked him dry  
 With the ease of a vacuum cleaner.  
 And so my friends we come to the end  
 Of copulation's classic.  
 The effect on Dick was sudden and quick  
 Like an anaesthetic.

He fell to the floor and knew no more,  
 His passions extinct and dead.  
 He did not shout as his prick came out,  
 Though it surely stripped its thread.  
 Then Mexican Pete jumped to his feet  
 To avenge his pale affront.  
 With a jarring jolt of his blue nosed colt,  
 Rammed it up her cunt.

He rammed it up to the trigger grip  
 And fired it twice times three.  
 But to his surprise she closed her eyes  
 And squealed in ecstasy.  
 She jumped to her feet with a smile sweet  
 "Bully" she said "for you".  
 "I might have known that that would be the best  
 You two poor cunts could do".

"When next my friends that you intend  
To sally forth for fun  
Buy Dead-eye Dick a sugar stick  
And yourself an elephant gun".  
I'm going back to the frozen north,  
Where the pricks are hard and strong  
Back to the land of the frozen strand,  
Where the nights are six months long

It's as hard as tin when they put it in,  
In the land where spunk is spunk,  
Not a trickling stream of lukewarm cream,  
But a solid frozen chunk.  
Back to the land where they understand  
What it means to fornicate.  
Where even the dead share a double bed,  
And the babies masturbate.

Back to the land where men are men,  
Terra Bellicum  
And I'll spend a worthy end,  
For the North is calling "Come".  
So Dead-eye Dick and Mexican Pete,  
Slunk out of the Rio Grande,  
Dead-eye Dick with a useless prick,  
And Pete with no gun in his hand.

#### A VERSE OF APPRECIATION

When a man grows old, and his balls grow cold  
And the tip of his prick turns blue  
And the hole in the middle refuses to piddle  
I'd say he was fucked, wouldn't you?

--ooOoo--

#### DIGGING UP FATHER'S GRAVE

They are digging up Father's grave,  
To build a sewer,  
And they're digging it up regardless of expense;  
Now they're digging up his remains,  
To make way for shithouse drains,  
To irrigate some moll's new residence.

#### COR BLIMEY

Now Father all his life was never a quitter,  
And I don't suppose he'll be a quitter now,  
For when that john's complete,  
He'll just hold that shithouse seat,  
And he'll only let them shit when he'll allow.

#### Cor Blimey

Now what's the use of loving a religion,  
And to think that when you're dead your troubles cease,  
But if some Arts chap,  
Wants apipolino for his crap,  
He'll never let the old sod rest in peace.

#### . . . COR BLIMEY

But won't there be some constipation,  
And Won't those shit bound toffs begin to rage,  
But they're getting what they deserve,  
For having the fucking nerve,  
For fucking around with an old Honest Workman's grave.

#### COR BLIMEY

--oooOooo--

MOBILE

Oh the Parson is a bugger in Mobile  
 Oh the Parson is a bugger in Mobile  
 Oh the Parson is a bugger  
 And the Sexton is another  
 So they bugger one another in Mobile.

## Chorus:-

Singing I will if you will so will I  
 Singing I will if you will so will I  
 Singing I will if you will  
 I will if you will  
 Singing I will if you will so will I

Oh the eagles they fly high in Mobile, etc  
 One hit me in the eye  
 It's good thing cows don't fly in Mobile.

There's a shortage of good whores in Mobile, etc  
 But there's keyholes in the doors,  
 And there's knotholes in the floors in Mobile.

Oh the girls wear tin pans in Mobile, etc  
 But they take them off to dance,  
 So the boys all get their chance in Mobile.

The girls all take precautions in Mobile, etc  
 And the doctors do abortions,  
 So the boys all get there portions in Mobile.

There's no paper in the bogs in Mobile, etc  
 So they wait until it clogs,  
 Then they saw it off in logs in Mobile.

There's a prostitute called Dinah in Mobile, etc  
 And you'll find that when you grind her,  
 That she's got the best vagina in Mobile.

There's a guy called Dirty Denby in Mobile, etc  
 He can't keep off the fanny,  
 So he gets it from his granny in Mobile.

There's a queer by name of Hunt in Mobile, etc  
 He thinks he's got a cunt,  
 But his arsehole's back to front in Mobile.

It's a trick of the working classes in Mobile, etc  
 When they've finished with their glasses,  
 They stuff 'em up their arses in Mobile.

Oh the old brown cow is dead in Mobile, etc  
 But the children must be fed,  
 So they milk the bull instead in Mobile.

If you ever go to jail in Mobile, etc  
 And you want a piece of tail,  
 Well, the sheriff's wife's for sale in Mobile,

The person has a daughter in Mobile, etc  
 And I sought her, caught her, taught her,  
 Now I cannot pass water in Mobile.

Oh the Vicar is perverted in Mobile, etc  
 And his morals are inverted,  
 But there's thousands he's converted in Mobile.

Frenchies are in short supply in Mobile, etc  
 And that's the reason why,  
 You'll see them hanging out to dry in Mobile.

There's a bastard called Mercater in Mobile, etc  
 Who's the greatest masterbator,  
 Fornicator, cunt inflator in Mobile.

Oh the virgins they are rare in Mobile, etc  
 When they get their pubic hair,  
 They're deflowered by the Mayor in Mobile.

There's a girl with no ambitions in Mobile, etc  
 She gets it in the kitchen,  
 From the local obstetrician in Mobile.

Gentlemen of the drinking classes in Mobile, etc  
 When you've finished with your glasses,  
 You can shove them up your asses in Mobile.

There's a bloke by name of Keith in Mobile, etc  
 You can tell him by the wreath,  
 Of public hairs around his teeth in Mobile.

There's a singer name of Nardy in Mobile, etc  
 His songs are rather bawdy,  
 But he's hauling in the bawbees in Mobile.

There's a guy by name of Shand in Mobile, etc  
 He plays with his gland,  
 And strops it with his hand in Mobile.

There's a lass called Mabel in Mobile, etc  
 She does what she is able,  
 Up upon the council table in Mobile.

There's a man by name ofatts in Mobile, etc  
 He plays with all the twots,  
 Of all the local mots in Mobile.

There's a guy by name of Tim in Mobile, etc  
 He's shoved up with vim,  
 Up every bloody quim in Mobile.

There's a guy by name of Joe in Mobile, etc  
 He uses his big toe,  
 Whenever he takes a pro in Mobile.

--ooOoo--

### FOGGY FOGGY DEW

Once I was a bachelor, I loved all alone,  
 I worked at the weavers' trade,  
 And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong,  
 Was to woo a fair young maid;  
 I wooed her in the winter time and in the summer too,  
 And the only thing that I ever did wrong,  
 Was to keep her from the foggy foggy dew.

One night she came to my bedside,  
 When I lay fast asleep,  
 She laid her head upon my breast and she began to weep  
 She sighed, she cried, she damn near died,  
 Ah, me! what could I do?  
 So I pulled her into bed and covered up her head,  
 Just to keep her from the foggy foggy dew.

Now I am a bachelor, I live with my son,  
 We work at the weavers' trade;  
 And every time that I look into his eyes,  
 He reminds me of the fair young maid.  
 He reminds me of the winter time and of the summer too,  
 And the many, many times that I held her in my arms,  
 Just to keep her from the foggy foggy dew.

--ooOoo--

ABDUL AND IVAN

The harems of Egypt are fair to behold,  
The harlots the fairest of fair,  
The best of them all was owned by a sheik,  
Was Abdul a Bulbul Amir.

Now, Abdul a Bulbul had thirty odd wives,  
Each renowned for the size of her twot.  
And once every day, so the legends do say,  
He religiously fucked the whole lot.

A travelling brothel came down from the North,  
T'was privately run by the Tsar,  
Who wagered a thousand that none could out-root  
Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

Abdul came in with a snatch at his side,  
His balls hanging low with desire.  
And he did brag how he could outshag  
Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

A date was arranged for the spectacle great,  
A holiday proclaimed by the Tsar.  
And the streets were all lined with the harlots assigned  
To Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

The cunt's were all short and no frenchies  
And that suited him by far;  
And the Caliph who knew had a quick bet or two,  
On Abdul a Bulbul Amir.

They met on the track with their tools hanging slack,  
The starters gun shattered the air,  
All gasped with surprise for so quick was the rise  
Was Abdul a Bulbul Amir.

They came at a run with the old mutton gun,  
The foreskins came back with a jer.  
It was easy to pick Ivan's bulbous old prick  
Stand out from his crutch like a bar.

They fucked all that night neeth the pale yellow light,  
And Abdul's bum revved like a car.  
But he hadn't a hope against the long even stroke  
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

'Ere came the morn they still had the horn,  
Their bums bouncing high in the air.  
There was squelching of cum and the hum of the bums  
And the cries of the Sultan and Tsar.

When Ivan had won and was cleansing his gun,  
He bent down to polish his pair.  
When something red hot up his great passage shot,  
Twas Abdul a Bulbul Amir.

The women turned green and the men shouted "Queen!"  
They were ordered apart by the Tsar.  
It was bloody bad luck because Abdul was stuck  
Up Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

Now Ivan sat vainly trying to shit  
Through the eye of the cock up his arse.  
Though he grunted and strained, it was all quite invsin,  
Not a single hot turd could he pass.

The cream of the joke, it came when they broke,  
And was laughed at for years by the Tsar.  
For Abdul poor fool, had left half his tool,  
Up Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

Now Abdul he died , the next afternoon,  
And he said with his last dying breath;  
"I've fought and been beaten, but saved Egypt's name,  
By bumming Skavinsky to death".

Let this be a lesson to all you young men,  
Who think that your cocks have no peer:  
Be cautious and wise or you'll end up half-size,  
Like Abdul a Bulbul Amir.

---ooOoo---

#### BARNACLE BILL

Who's that knock-ing at my door  
Who's that knocking at my door  
Who's that knocking at my door  
Cried the fair young maiden.  
Oh it's only me from across the sea  
Cried Barnacle Bill the sailer....  
I'm young enough and ready and tough  
Cried Barnacle Bill the sailor.

You can sleep on the floor (3)  
Cried the fair young maiden.  
Oh get off the floor you dirty old whore  
Cried Barnacle Bill....etc.

You can sleep on the mat (3)  
Cried the fair young maiden.  
Oh bugger the mat you can't fuck that  
Cried Barnacle Bill....etc.

You can sleep on stairs (3)  
Cried the fair young maiden.  
Oh bugger the stairs they havn't got haire  
Cried Barnacle Bill....etc.

You can sleep between my tits (3)  
Cried the fair young maiden.  
Oh bugger your tits they give me the shits  
Cried Barnacle Bill....etc .

You can sleep between my thighs (3)  
Cried the fair young maiden.  
Oh bugger your thighs they're covered in flies  
Cried Barnacle Bill....etc.

What will we do when the baby's born (3)  
Cried the fair young maiden.  
Oh we'll drown the bugger and fuck for another  
Cried Barnacle Bill....etc.

---ooOoo---

#### MUNICIPAL DUNNY CART

The municipal dunny cart was loaded to the brim  
The municipal dunny man fell in and could not swim  
And as he was a-sinking, a-sinking like a stone  
He heard the maggots crying out "There's no place like home"  
Urrr-iiine, Yippee-i-ooo, nightmen in the sky.  
They fished him out, it was too late, the maggots did the work

They left him on the roadside for the passersby to jerk.  
The moral of this story then, if you should shovel shit  
Don't throw yourself into your work or you may drown in it

---ooOoo---

JOHN PEEL OR CATS ON THE ROOFTOPS

"Do you ken John Peel?" Yes I know the bugger well  
With a head on his hammer like the Inchcape Bell,  
Nine inches on the slack, twelve inches on the swell,  
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

Cats on the rooftops, cats on the tiles,  
Cats with syphilis, gonorrhoea and piles,  
Cats with their arseholes all wreathed in smiles,  
As they revel in the joys of copulation.

The zebra, he's well known to some,  
He's mostly horse and rather dumb  
And a surprising fact is that he has striped cum,  
As he revels in the joys of copulation.

The rhinoceros, or so it seems,  
Hardly ever has wet dreams,  
But when he does, he cums in streams,  
As he revels in the joys of fornication.

The elephant is a funny bloke,  
He very rarely gets a poke,  
But when he does, he lets it soak,  
As he revels...

Now a funny old fish is the old sperm whale,  
With a funny little diddle tucked under his tail,  
And he rides his missus in the teeth of a gale,  
As he revels ...

Oh the sargeant-major leads a solitary life,  
And he hasn't got a woman, and he hasn't got a wife,  
So he satisfies himself on the regimental fife,  
As he revels...

The poor domestic doggie on the chain all day,  
Never gets a chance to let himself go gay,  
So he licks at his dick in a frantic way,  
As he revels in the joys of masturbation.

The owls in the trees, the cats on the tiles,  
One fucks in solitude, the other fucks in files,  
You can hear the happy howls and the shrieks for miles,  
As they revel...

Now I met a girl and she was a dear,  
But she gave a dose of gonorrhoea:  
Fools rush in where angels fear ...  
As I revolved in the joys.....

Do you ken John Peel with his cock in a sling,  
And his two brass balls going ting-a-ling-a-ling,  
He's lying in the grass with a carrot up his arse  
And he won't take it out till the Morning.

If you wake up in the morning with your penis in your  
And you've got a funny feeling in your seminary gland;  
If you haven't got a woman, what's the matter with your  
In the dark early hours of the morning. (hand

When you wake up in the morning with thoughts of  
And your wife has got the monthlies and your daughter  
Just rip it up the rectum of your second eldest boy,  
And you revel .....  
sexual joy  
says she's coy,



ARMY LATRINES

My job is to clean the army latrines,  
 I'M the man with the pan for the pan that everyone uses.  
 The paper's O.K. on both sides the news is.  
 So you can read while in my latrine.

We scrub it all night, we scrub it all day,  
 I keep it the way, the way you'd expect it;  
 And when it gets high I just disinfect it,  
 And everything's clean in my latrine.

I scrub it again at four in the morning,  
 My coppers join in, we polish the chain;  
 And then we are scrubbing away forever,  
 And wondering if ever we'll get out that stain.

What motions divine- what raptures I've seen  
 But along comes a crowd to destroy the work I've created  
 They just let it fly, don't care where they place it;  
 You see what I mean in my latrine.

If a man is a freak and must leak like a creak, let him  
 I've placed pots for the clots who take shots in every <sup>pay</sup> direction,  
 I've sandpapered each face so each base can establish connection,  
 But it all goes in my latrine.

No they won't keep it clean, that bloody latrine,  
 Though the seats are all neat and complete underneath  
 But they still get it wet like an artist's palette <sup>wooden ledges,</sup>  
 round the edges.  
 But I stand aloof - they can't hit the roof,  
 That's the one place that's clean, in my latrine.

--oo000oo--

THE MONK

There was a monk of great renown,  
 There was a monk of great renown, (2x)  
 He fucked all the harlots around the town, (2x)

CHORUS: The old bastard. The old sod.  
 What will we do with him?  
 Fuck him.

Let us spray-  
 Glory Glory Allelujah-- shit.  
 Balls to Mr Winklestein, Winklestein, Winklestein,  
 Balls to Mr Winklestein, dirty old man  
 For he keeps us waiting while he's masturbating  
 So balls to Mr Winklestein, dirty old man.  
 He upsem, he downsem,  
 He fucksem, he drownsem  
 So balls to Mr Winklestein, dirty old man.

The monk stood in the priory hall, (3)  
 He fucked a nun against a wall. (2)

The other monks looked up in shame, (3)  
 And wished that they could do the same. (2)

There came a maid with downcast eyes, (3)  
 They bashed it in between her thighs. (2)

They buried her beneath the grass, (3)  
 Then dug her up and fucked her arse. (2)

DRUNKER CRICKET

An interesting match took place here today, when the Hon. John Everhard brought over a team of Old Bastardians to meet a team of society ladies captained by Mrs. Wearwell.

The proceedings were to be augmented by various lotteries, but the Chief Umpire ordered drawers off.

After tossing was done with, it was soon that the men were going in first, so the ladies assumed their positions on the ground. The ladies' captain, however was in slips and that made it hard to force matters. Mr. Hardon succeeded at last, cutting and pulling steadily. He and Mr. Cox put up a fine stand. Unfortunately when trying to pull to square leg Mr. Cox missed his stroke completely and out came his middle wicket.

Mr. Woodcock followed and was at the crease for twenty minutes displaying great patience. Then there was a sharp appeal from Miss Conduct and the umpire's finger went up. Some slackness was seen in the field when Miss Carriage dropped a sitter in front of the pavilion and Miss Wantacock got her hand on a hard one but failed to hold it.

Mrs. R. Savatit drew frequent applause by showing her ability behind the sticks but in trying to take a short one she turned a complete somersault.

The men were all out by lunch and on resuming it was noticed that A. Testicle had been dropped and not suspended as was rumoured. Lord Foughskin was in his usual place at coverpoint, and the first ladies, Phyl Chambers and Poppet Tupper opened with great vigour. Cox was tried and he kept a beautiful length, but his balls were inclined to bump too much to the discomfort of the ladies.

Little Miss Virgo Intacta was cheered loudly when she faced John Everhard, but the wily John put up a long one that appeared to break in her crease and there was an ominous click and a groan was heard as she was sent back to the Pavillion.

Although he was keeping his balls low, Miss Ophelia Tits felt for one and hooked it to the delight of the croud.

There was some faulty judgement when Miss Philpott shouted "I'm coming," and there were cries of "No" and "Wait" and in her excitement she started to run, and was run out. "Mike Hunt was too quick for me," she said later. Miss Hyamready faced the onslaught, but was over anxious and put her leg in front of a straight one and had no time to open out, as she said afterwards.

The match was a draw and the President, Lady Cumwell said she would like a return match with the ladies on top next time.

---ooOoo---

DRUNK LAST NIGHT.

Drunk last night, drunk the night before,  
Going to get drunk tonight like we never got drunk before  
Here we are as happy as we can be,  
'cause we are the boys of the varsity.

Glorious, victorious,  
One keg of beer for the four of us,  
Thank God there are no more of us,  
'Cause one of us could drink the bloody lot.  
(Without his pants on)  
'Cause one of us could drink the bloody lot  
(Roll over Habel,  
Your navel's on the other side.)

See the little angels ascend up, ascend up  
See the little angels ascend up on high.  
Which end up arse end up  
Which end up arse end up  
See the little angels ascend up on high.

--ooOoo--

Arsehole, arsehole, A soldier I will be,  
To piss, to piss, Two pistols by my side  
Up a cunt, up a cunt, Up a country lane I go.  
Fuck you, Fuck you, For curiosity.

--ooOoo--

#### ROTO MARIO

There once was a gay caballero  
An exceedingly gay caballero  
And of course he had a Roto Marie  
Ro- Roto, Mario

He went to a low down casino  
An exceedingly low down casino  
And of course he took his Roto Marie  
Ro- Roto Mario

He met there a gay senorita  
An exceedingly gay senorita  
And of course he used is Roto Marie  
Ro- Roto Mario

He caught there a nasty disease  
An exceedingly nasty disease  
Right on the tip of his Roto Marie, Ro- Roto Mario

So he went to a learned doctoro  
An exceedingly learned doctoro  
Who cut off the tip of his Roto Marie, Ro- Roto Mario.

Now he sits on the bank of the Rio,  
The exceedingly fast flowing Rio  
And nurses the tip of his Roto Marie  
Ro- Roto Mario

So beware all you gay caballeros,  
You exceedingly gay caballeros  
If you don't want the pox put socks on your cocks  
Ro- Roto Mario.

--ooOoo--

#### LIQUOR and LONG LIFE

The horse and mule live thirty years,  
And nothing knows of wines and beers.  
The goat and sheep at twenty die  
And never a taste of Scotch or Rye,  
The cow drinks water by the ton  
At eighteen years her life is done.  
The dog at fifteen cashes in  
Without the air of rum or gin  
The cat in milk and water soaks  
Then in twelve short years it croaks.  
The modest sober bone dry hen  
Lays eggs for nogs and dies at ten  
All animals are strictly dry;  
They sinless live, and quickly die,  
But sinful, skinful, rumsoaked men  
Survive for three score years and ten,  
And some of them, though very few  
Stay pickled till they are ninety-two.

--ooOoo--

THE BALL OF KERRYMOOR

Have you heard of the ball, the ball of Kerry Moor,  
Where four and twenty virgins were lying on the floor,

Chorus (No. 1.)  
Singing, "Who'll do me this time, who'll do me now,  
The one who did me last time must have used a plough.

First lady forward, second lady back,  
Third lady's finger up the fourth lady's crack.

Chorus (Alternative)  
Singing, "Balls to your partner, arse against the wall,  
If you've never been shagged on a Saturday night  
You've never been shagged at all.

There was fucking in the hallways and fucking in the ricks,  
You couldn't hear the music for the swishing o' the pricks.

Sandy McPherson he came along, it was a bloody shame,  
He fucked a lassie forty times, and would'na take her  
hame.

The Parsons daughter she was there, the cunning little  
runt,  
With poison ivy up her arse, and thistle up her cunt.

Four and twenty virgins came down from Inverness,  
But after the ball was over there were four and twenty  
less.

The undertaker he was there, enveloped in a shroud,  
Swinging from the chandelier, and pissing on the crowd.

The village idiot he was there, sitting on a pole,  
He pulled his foreskin over his head, and whistled  
through the hole.

Mrs. O'Malley she was there, she had the crowd in fits,  
Diving off the mantelpiece, and bouncing off her tits.

The bride was in the kitchen, explaining to the groom,  
That the vagina, not the rectum, was the entrance to  
the womb.

The village magician he was there, up to his favourite  
trick,  
Pulling his foreskin over his head and vanishing up  
his prick.

The village smithy he was there, sitting by the fire,  
Doing abortions by the score with a lump of red-hot wire.

Now Farmer Giles he was there, his sickle in his hand,  
And every time he swung around he circumcised the band.

The Vicar's wife she was there, back against the wall,  
"Put your money on the table boys, I'm fit to do you all.

The Vicar and his wife were having lots of fun,  
The Parson had his finger up other ladies' bums.

There was fucking on the highway & fucking in the lanes  
And you couldn't hear the music for the rattling of  
the stones.

The village doctor he was there, he had his bag of tricks  
And in between the dances, he was sterilizing pricks.

Father O'Flanagan he was there, and in the corner he  
sat,  
Amusing himself by abusing himself, and catching it  
in his hat.

There was fucking in the couches, there was fucking  
in the cots,  
And lying up against the wall, were rows of grinning  
twots.

The village postman he was there, he had a load of pox,  
He couldna get a woman, so he shagged a letter box.

Farmer Brown he was there, a jumping on his hat,  
For half an acre of his corn was fairly fucking flat.

-----played a dirty trick, we canna let it pass,  
He showed a lass his mighty prick then shoved up her arse

-----he was there, was drunk without a doubt  
He tried to stuff the parsons wife but couldna get the root.

-----had an even stroke, his skill was much admired,  
He gratified one cunt a time until his strength expired.

-----oh he was there, and he was in despair,  
He couldna get penis through the tangle of his hair.

-----did his fucking out upon the moor,  
It was, he thought, much nicer than fucking on the floor.

-----he was there, looking for a fuck,  
But every cunt was occupied, so he was out of luck.

-----when he got there his prick was long and high,  
But when he'd fucked her forty times he was fucking mighty  
dry.

-----oh he was there, his prick was long and broad,  
And when he'd fucked the farmer's wife she had to be rebored.

-----he was there, his prick was all alert,  
But when  $\frac{1}{2}$  the night was done 'twas dangling in the dirt.

The chimney sweep he was there, they had to throw him out,  
For every time he passed his wind the room was filled with  
soot.

The doctors daughter she was there, she went to gather sticks  
She couldna find a blade o' grass for balls and standing  
pricks.

Little Jimmy Miller he was there, he had it in his mitt,  
He had the inclination but he couldna make it snit.

The village builder he was there, he brought his bag of  
He poured cement in all the holes and blunted  
half the pricks.

Now little Tommy he was there, but he was only eight,  
He couldna root the women so he had to masterbate.

Now Uncle Wille he was there, the leader of the choir,  
He bit the balls off all the boys to make their voices  
higher.

There was fucking in the chandeliers, and fucking in the hall  
And you couldna hear the bagpipes for the clanging of the  
balls.

There was fucking in the hallways, there was fucking on  
the stairs.

You couldna see the carpet for the bums and curly hairs,  
And when the ball was over, they all went home to rest,  
They all enjoyed the music, but fucking was the best.

SHE WAS PURE BUT SHE WAS HONEST

She was pure but she was honest  
 Victim of the squire's game;  
 First he loved her, then he left her  
 And she lost her honest name.

It's the same the whole world over,  
 It's the poor that gets the blame  
 It's the rich that live in clover  
 Ain't that a bleeding shame?

Then she ran away to London  
 For to hide her grief and shame  
 There she met another squire  
 And she lost name again

In the rich man's arms she flutters  
 Like a bird with broken wing  
 First he loved her, then he left her  
 And she hasn't got a ring.

See him in his splendid mansion  
 Entertaining with the best  
 While the girl that he has ruined  
 Entertains a sordid guest  
 See him in the House of Commons  
 Making laws to put down crime  
 While the victim of his passion  
 Trails her way through mud and slime

Standing on the bridge at midnight  
 She says " Farewell, blighted love."  
 Then a scream, a splash, Good heavens  
 What is she a-doing of

Then they dragged her from the river  
 Water from her clothes they wrang  
 For they thought that she was drowned  
 But the corpse got up and sang.  
 ---ooOoo---

ALOUETTE a. la WAIOURU

Alouette gentille Alouette, Alouette je te plumerai.  
 Je te plumerai le young soldier

Young soldier .....

Oh Alouette gentille Alouette, Alouette je te plumerai

Three day pass

Big fat blond

Hotel room

Keg of beer

Double bed

Knock on ze door

House detective

Two M.P.'s

Short arm inspection

Ze shot of penicillin

(Done with actions, this song is shit hot.)

FRIGGING IN THE RIGGING

The captain of the lugger, he was a dirty bugger,  
He wasn't fit to shovel shit from one ship to another.

Friggin' in the rigging, Tossin' on the crossing,  
Wanking on the planking; there was fuck all else to do.

The captain's wife was Nabel. She did as she was able,  
She gave the crew their daily screw across the messroom table.

The captain had a daughter, she fell into the water,  
Delighted squeals announced that eels had found her sexual  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

The cook his name was Freeman, he was a sexual demon,  
He fed the crew on menstrual stew & hymens fried in semen.

The wireless operator, he was a masturbator,  
At every jolt he shot his bolt across the oscillator.

The first mate's name was McGuire, he wasn't worth his hire,  
If he wasn't ashore pushing a whore, he was back on board  
pulling his wire.

abuse

The second maté was Willy, by self made silly, (Picadilly.  
His one desire was to pull his wire from the Cape to

The third mate's name was Morgan, he was a sexual gorgon,  
Three times a day he used to play upon his sexual organ.

The fourth mate's name was Derrit, a man of evil merit  
Each time ashore he'd grab a whore and up her like a ferret

The cabin boy young Kipper, a dirty little nipper, (skipper.  
He stuffed his arse with broken glass & circumcised the

The Bosun's name was Tucker, He was a thorough little fucker,  
Behind the hairs, between the ears & end up in the sucker.

The chippy's name was Paul, he only had one ball,  
But with that knacker he rolled tobacco round the cabin wall.

The gunner's name was Andy, his balls were big & bandy,  
They filled his arse with molten brass for pissing in the  
(brandy.

Another cook O'Malley, he didn't dilly dally,  
He shot his bolt with such a jolt he whitewashed  $\frac{1}{2}$  the galley.

The Bosun's mate was Lester, he was a hymen tester,  
Through hymens thick he shoved his prick  
And left it there to fester.

The engineer McTavish, Young girls he did ravish,  
His missing tool's at Istanbul, He was a trifle lavish.

A homo was the purser, he couldn't have been worser,  
With all the crew he had a screw until they cried Oh no sir.

A crewman name of Merrit he had a monster derrick  
He whipped ashore, grabbed a whore, by God he didn't spare it

Another one was Gropper Oh Christ he had a whopper,  
Twice round the deck & round his neck & up his bum for a  
stopper.

The ship's dog's name was Rover the crew all did him over,  
They ground and ground that faithful hound from Hong Kong  
round to Dover.

While stationed on the Canaries, we did the local faries;  
Caught syphilis in Tenariffe, and pox in Buenos Aires.

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'Twas on the good ship Venus, My God you should have seen us  
The figurehead was a whore in bed sucking a rampant penis.

Upon the China station we caused a great sensation  
We sank a junk in a sea of spunk by mutual masturbation

The end of this narration came in jubilation,  
For the ship was sunk in a sea of spunk.  
There was fuck all else to do.

--ooOoo--

### LIL

Lil was the best the West could produce,  
There wasn't a man Lil couldn't seduce,  
'Twas a standing bet around our town  
That no man living could fuck Lil down.

'Till over the hills, beyond the creek,  
Came a sawn-off runt named Shithouse Pete.  
He laid it out on Murphy's bar:  
I'll swear it stretched from there to there.

The match was on, they arranged to meet  
Down on the banks of Shithouse Creek,  
Where every man could take his seat  
And watch the halfbred sink his meat

To take back bets was now too late  
All knew that Lil had met her fate

Lil, she tried all kinds of stunts  
And tricks and jumps not known to all you common cunts  
But Pete, he rode her like a brick,  
Reeling out yards and yards of prick,  
Till through the tissues of her arse,  
He pinned her, screaming to the grass.

Lil died bravely, Lil died well,  
She had her boots on when she fell.

Though she's gone she's not forgotten  
We dig her up and fuck her often.  
And in memory of this plucky whore,  
We nailed her twot to the shithouse door.

--ooOoo--

### THE ENGINEER'S SONG.

An engineer told me before he died  
I don't know if the bastard lied  
He said that no matter how he tried,  
His wife was never satisfied.

So he made him a tool of tempered steel  
Powered by a pulley and a bloody great wheel  
The two brass balls he filled with cream  
And the whole bloody issue was powered by steam.

Round and round went the bloody great wheel  
In and out went the tool of steel,  
'Til at last his poor wife cried,  
Enough enough, I'm satisfied.

Now this is the place of the bit er bit,  
There was no way of stopping it,  
From cunt to arsehole she was slit  
And the whole bloody issue was covered in shit.

--ooOoo--

Times are hard, and wages are small  
So drink more piss, and fuck them all.



standing ~~on the stairs~~  
 Drinking O'Reilly's rum and water  
 Suddenly a thought came to my head  
 When I say I up O'Reilly's daughter.

Chorus:

Idi-iyay, idi-iyay, idi-iyay for the one eyed  
 Reilly,  
 Rub it up, stuff it up, balls and all,  
 Zing-a-zing-a-zing tres ben.

So I up the stairs and into bed,  
 Into bed with O'Reilly's daughter,  
 Not a word the maiden said,  
 But she laughed like shit when the deed was over.

I fucked her till her tits were sore,  
 Filled her up with soapy water,  
 She won't get away with that,  
 If she doesn't have twins then she bloody well orta.

I heard a footstep on the stairs,  
 Who should it be but one eyed Reilly,  
 Two horse pistols in his hand,  
 Looking for the bugger who upped his daughter.

I grabbed O'Reilly by the balls,  
 Shoved his head in a bucket of water,  
 Rammed those pistols up his arse,  
 A bloody sight harder than I'd upped his daughter.

As I go walking down the street,  
 People flock from every quarter,  
 Just to catch a glimpse of me,  
 The man who upped O'Reilly's daughter.

---ooOoo---

### RINGY DANG DOO

O she took me down into the cellar,  
 And she told me I was a very fine feller,  
 O she fed me wine and whisky too,  
 And she placed my hand on the RINGY DANG DOO.

Chorus:

O the RINGY DANG DOO, pray what is that,  
 With fur all round like a pussy cat,  
 With a hole in the middle and split in two,  
 That's what they call the RINGY DANG DOO.

"Get out of here," her father said,  
 "since you have lost your maidenhead,"  
 So she packed her bags and suitcase too,  
 And she left that place with the RINGY DANG DOO.

O she went to town and became a whore,  
 And she hung her sign outside her door,  
 And they came in ones and two by two,  
 Just to sample the joys of the RINGY DANG DOO.

O she left that town; that whorey bitch,  
 With a load of the jack and the seven year itch,  
 O she had V.D. and syphillis too,  
 And she carried it all in the RINGY DANG DOO.

O the RINGY DANG DOO is a thing of the past,  
 Now all the young lads whop it up the arse,  
 If you want any more it's up to you,  
 That's all there is of the RINGY DANG DOO.

---ooOoo---

### THE WILD WEST SHOW

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the hippopotamus,  
The hippopotamus?  
Yes, the hippopotamus is an amazing animal  
When its eyes are open its arsehole is closed  
And when its eyes are closed its arsehole is open  
Someone threw pepper in its eyes,  
And Christ, he's got diarrhoea!

#### CHORUS:

Oh we're off to see the wild west show,  
The elephant and the kangaroo-oo-oo  
Never mind the weather, we're all in this together  
We're off to see the wild west show.

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the ooligooli bird,  
The ooligooli bird?  
Yes, the ooligooli bird is an amazing bird  
It flies but it has no legs  
And when it lands, oooli - gooli!

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the giraffe,  
The giraffe?  
Yes, the giraffe is an amazing animal  
It is the only animal in the jungle that can go into a  
bar and say, "The high balls are on me."

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the sphinx,  
The sphinx?  
Yes, the sphinx is an amazing animal,  
Yes, it is the only animal with a triangular arsehole  
It shits bricks, hence, pyramids!

Here ladies and gentlemen, we have the tight skinned  
lizard,  
The tight skinned lizard?  
Yes, the tight skinned lizard is an amazing animal  
Whenever it blinks it flips itself,  
Someone threw pepper in its eyes,  
And it flogged itself to death!

Here ladies and gentlemen, we have the rhinoceros  
The rhinoceros?  
Yes, the rhinoceros is an amazing animal,  
Its name comes from the ancient Greek,  
Rhino meaning money, sorarse meaning piles.  
It is the richest animal in the jungle;  
It has piles and piles of money!

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the Oohah bird,  
The Oohah bird?  
Yes, the Oohah bird is an amazing bird.  
The male species lives in the North pole;  
The female species lives in the South pole.  
In spring they migrate  
And when they meet; ooooooh -aahhhh !

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the elephant,  
The elephant?  
Yes, the elephant is an amazing animal,  
It eats twelve hours a day, but only shits once a week  
And when it shits it.....  
Move away there sonny  
As I was saying it eats all week and only shits.....  
Please move away, sonny  
And when it shits, it shits.....  
Has anyone got a shovel?

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the orangatang  
 The orangatang?  
 Yes, the orangatang is an amazing animal,  
 It has balls of steel, and as it swings from vine to vine  
 through the jungle,  
 Its balls go orang - a - tang, orang - a - tang!

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the mountain goat,  
 The mountain goat?  
 The mountain goat is an amazing animal,  
 It farts and jumps from crag to crag  
 It has science baffled  
 As to whether the farts make it jump, or the farts make  
 jump!

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the shark,  
 The shark?  
 Yes, the shark is an amazing fish,  
 It follows ships and eats and secretes semen.

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the kiwi bird,  
 The kiwi bird?  
 The kiwi bird is an amazing bird,  
 It comes to parties,  
 And eats roots, shoots and leaves.

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the kaka bird,  
 The kaka bird?  
 Yes, the kaka bird is an amazing bird,  
 It slides down icy slopes screaming,  
 "Ka-ka-ris it's cold."

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the jum-jum bird  
 The jum-jum-bird?  
 Yes, the jum-jum bird is an amazing bird,  
 It flies round and round in ever decreasing concentric  
 circles,  
 Until it flies up its own fundamental orifice  
 From which lofty eminence it pours down mingled shit and  
 abusive scorn upon the assembled multitudes below.

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the proud elephant,  
 The proud elephant?  
 Yes the proud elephant is an amazing animal,  
 He lies upside down in the jungle with his balls in the  
 air.  
 And then we have the biggest balls-up in the jungle.

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the fuckarwe bird,  
 The fuckarwe bird?  
 Yes the fuckarwe bird is an amazing bird,  
 It is so named because it flies around with its feathers  
 in front of its face yelling;  
 "Where the fuck are we?"

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the leopard,  
 The leopard?  
 Yes, the leopard is an amazing animal,  
 He has 365 spots, one for each day of the year,  
 And every leap year he walks around with his tail in the  
 air.

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the kea bird,  
 The kea bird?  
 Yes, the kea bird is an amazing bird,  
 The third kea bird flies up the anal orifice of the 2nd  
 kea bird,  
 The 2nd kea bird flies up the anal orifice of the 1st kea  
 & the 1st kea bird says Kea-ris.

Here ladies and gentlemen we have 007,  
007?  
Yes, 007 is an amazing animal,  
He is the only man in London who has two naughts before  
seven.

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the hyena,  
The hyena?  
Yes, the hyena is the only animal in the jungle  
who makes love only once a year,  
So, what the hell does he have to laugh about.

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the tiger,  
The tiger?  
Yes, the tiger is an amazing animal,  
He is the only animal in the jungle with stripes on his  
cock to measure the penetration.

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the sardine,  
The sardine?  
Yes, the sardine is an amazing fish,  
He leads a sordid life,  
He is found in most peculiar circumstances,  
Lying head to tail in sticky stuff.

Here ladies and gentlemen is the toofa-toofa bird,  
The toofa-toofa bird?  
Yes, the toofa-toofa bird is the most amazing bird,  
It flies up to 10,000 feet and then dives at mach 2  
And levels out five feet above the ground ,  
Screaming, "Toofa-toofa too fucking late".

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the ostrich,  
The ostrich?  
Yes, the ostrich is a most remarkable bird,  
It gets its head under the sand and its arse up,  
Waiting and waiting and .....

Here ladies and gentlemen we have the cryptic church mouse  
The cryptic church mouse?  
Yes, the cryptic church mouse is a remarkable animal,  
He crept into the crypt;  
Crapped;  
And crept out.

---oo0000oo---

#### COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING

Chinese couple going wild,  
Want to have a pure white child,  
Seek advice what can be done,  
But find no way of having one.  
They watch TV and while they sit,  
They find a way of having it  
On the job without delay,  
Sideways is the Chinese way,  
Baby born with great delight,  
Little fellow pure and white.  
Father, proud and full of glee  
Tells what he learnt on TV.  
"Hoooley Dooloy, he no foolee  
He put Persil on his tooley,  
Wifey, Wifey, very canny,  
Use Blue Omo on her fanny.  
Wonder where the yellow went,  
Brushed his balls with Pepsodent

---oo000oo---

SHARES IN THE VERY BEST COMPANIES.

I've shares in the very best companies,  
 In tramways, tobacco and tin,  
 In brothels in Rio De Janiero,  
 Oh how the money rolls in.

Rolls in rolls in,  
 See how the money rolls in, rolls in,  
 Rolls in, rolls in,  
 My God how the money rolls in.

With wealth in the big German steel works,  
 No wonder I helped Hitler win,  
 For when he suppressed the trade unions,  
 My god how the money rolled in.

My father sent field guns to France,  
 My brother raised loans for Berlin,  
 My uncle sent scrap iron to Tojo,  
 To make sure that the money rolled in

My cousin's a starting price bookie,  
 My mother sells synthetic gin,  
 My sister sells sin to sailors,  
 My god how the money rolls in.

My brother's a curate in Sydney,  
 He's saving the girls from sin,  
 He'll save you a girl for a dollar,  
 My God how the money rolls in.

We've started an old fashioned gin shop,  
 A regular palace of sin,  
 The principal girl is my Grandma,  
 My god how the money rolls in.

My father manufactures french letters,  
 My mother pricks them with a pin,  
 My sister performs the abortions,  
 My God how the money rolls in.

--ooOoo--

ROLL ME OVER IN THE CLOVER

Well this is number one & the fun has just begun,  
 Roll me over in the clover, lay me down & do it again.

Roll me over in the clover,  
 Roll me over, lay me down & do it again.

Well this is number two & his hand is on my shoe,

Well this is number three and his hand is on my knee,

Well this is number four & he's got me on the floor,

Well this is number five & his hand is on my thigh,

Well this is number six and his meat's between my hips,

Well this is number seven & now it feels like heaven,

Well this is number eight & the doctor's at the gate,

Well this is number nine & the twins are doin' fine,

Well this is number ten and here we go again.

--oooOooo--

TELL US ANOTHER

A giddy young trollop at Yale  
 Had verses tatooed on her tail,  
 And below her behind  
 For the sake of the blind  
 Was a duplicate version in Braille.

CHORUS : OH, that was a dirty one,  
 Tell us another one, dirty as buggery,  
 Tell us another one, DO.

There was a young lady of Thrace,  
 Whose corset grew too tight to lace.  
 Her mother said "Nelly, there's more in your belly,  
 Than ever went in through your face."

There once was a young lady of the Azores,  
 Whose cunt was all covered in sores,  
 Even the dogs in the streets wouldn't lick the green meat  
 That hung in festoons from her drawers.

There was a young lady of Exter  
 Who made all the men crane their necks at her,  
 And some who were brave would gallantly wave  
 The distinguishing marks of their sex at her.

There once was a monk from Siberia  
 Whose morals were rather inferior  
 He did to a nun what he shouldn't have done,  
 And now she's a mother superior.

There was a young lady named Starkie,  
 Who had an affair with a darkie,  
 The result of this sin was quadruplets, not twins,  
 One black, one white and two khaki.

There was a young man from Australia,  
 Who painted his arse like a dahlia,  
 The drawing was fine, the colour divine,  
 But the smell of the bloom was a failure.

A lesbian once in Khatoum,  
 Asked a fairy boy up to her room  
 They spent the night in a holl of a fight  
 As to who should do what and to whom.

The dirty old bishop of Buckingham,  
 Was thinking of tits and of sucking them  
 While watching the stunts of the cunts in the punts  
 And the tricks of the pricks that were fucking 'em.

There was a young lad from the Yarra  
 Whose prick was as big as a marrow,  
 So he said to his tart "Cop this for a start,  
 While I wheel my balls up a barrow.

There was a young girl from Dakota  
 Who lived in a Chinese pagoda  
 The walls of the halls were lined with the balls  
 And the tools of the fools who had rode her.

There was a young man from the Perth  
 Who was the dirtiest bastard on earth,  
 When his wife was confined, he pulled down the blind  
 And licked up the green afterbirth.

A habit most foul and unsavoury,  
Kept the 4th Earl of Salisbury in slavery  
With maniacal howls, he'd dehyemate owls,  
Which he kept in an underground aviary.

A traveller on route to Natal,  
Said Sue was the name of the gal,  
The best part of the trip He had on the ship  
Was sailing up Suez canal.

There was a young girl from Alice  
Who used dynamite as a phallus  
Parts of her vagina were found in Carolina  
And her arse was last seen over Dallas.

A niece of the late Queen of Sheba,  
Was promiscuous with an amocba,  
This queer blob of jolly would lie on her belly  
And quivering, murmur, "Ich Liebe".

There was a young man from Bombay,  
Who moulded a cunt out of clay,  
The heat of his prick turned it into a prick,  
And rubbed all his foreskin away.

There was a young man named Carter,  
Who was a remarkable farter,  
He could blast out the tune 'Au Claire de Lune,  
And Beethoven's 'Moonlight Sonata'.

There was a young man from Crete,  
Who shot all over the street,  
A chemist named Kelly bottled the jolly,  
And sold it as extract of meat.

There was a young man from Calcutta,  
Who said to his wife "Can I fuck ya?"  
She said "Not tonight, 'cos the period ain't right,  
But if you like I'll just suck ya."

There was a young man from East Cheam,  
Who invented a pulling machine,  
The bloody thing broke, on the ninety-ninth stroke,  
And it whipped his poor knackers to cream.

There was a young chap named Sprocket,  
Who went for a ride in a rocket,  
The rocket went bang, - his balls went bang,  
And he found his prick in his pocket.

Last night I dined with a King,  
He did a most curious thing,  
He sat on a stool and pulled out his tool,  
And said "If I play, will you sing?

Then up spoke the King of Siam,  
"For women I don't give a damn,  
My pride and my joy is a bare bottomed boy,  
They call me a queer, and I am.

There was a young man from Soleneal,  
Whose tool was as thin as a pencil,  
It went through an actress, two sheets and a mattress,  
And shattered the bed-room utensil.

There was a young man named Stroud  
Who was rooting a girl in a crowd.  
A man in the front  
Said "Sniff sniff, I smell cunt,"  
Just quietly like that, not loud.

There was a young man from Calcutta,  
Who looked at his wife through a shutter.  
But all he could see was the bond of her knoe,  
And the arse of the guy who was up her

There was a young man from Belgrave  
Who kept a dead whore in a cave.  
He said I'll admit, I'm a bit of a shit  
But think of the money I save.

There was a young man from Nantucket  
Whose tool was so long he could suck it.  
He said with a shout as he waved it about,  
"If my nose was a cunt I could fuck it."

The venerable bishop of Birmingham  
Seduced all the girls while confirming 'em  
Midst roars of applause, he drew down their drawers,  
And inserted his episcopal worm in 'em

On the breast of a woman named Gail  
Was tatooed the price of her tail.  
On her behind, for the sake of the blind  
Was the same information in Braille.

A young man from Trinity Hall  
Had a mathematical ball  
Two thirds of its weight, times, plus eight,  
Was three fifths of five eighths of fuck all.

There was an old man from Lahore,  
Who had a cock, one inch and no more;  
'Twas all right for keyholes and little girls'  
But no bloody good for a whore. (peeholes,

There was a young lad named Perkin  
Who was a 'jerkin' his gorkin.  
His mother said "Perkin, stop jerkin' your gerkin,  
Your gerkin's for furkin', not jerkin'."

There was a young lass from Peru,  
Who filled her twot up with glue.  
She said with a grin, "If they pay to get in  
Then they can pay to get out of it too!"

A young lass of ample proportions  
Took all contraceptive precautions  
Her sister named Prue let one little sperm through.  
"Can anyone here do abortions?"

When Titian was painting Rose Madder,  
His model was posed on a ladder.  
Her position to Titian suggested fruition  
So he mounted the ladder and had 'er.

There was a young lad named Skinner,  
Who took a young lady to dinner.  
At a quarter to nine they sat down to dine,  
At a quarter past ten it was in her .. the dinner  
Not Skinner, Skinner was in her before dinner.

There was an old monk in Liberia  
Whose existance grew steadily droarior  
Till he leapt from his cell, with a hell of a yell,  
And eloped with the Mother Superior



There was a young man named Morris,  
Found tickling a young girl's clitoris.  
"The hymen inside is ruptured" she cried,  
And twitched her labia majoris.

There was a young girl from Ranson  
Who was raped seven times in a hansom  
When she cried out for more, a voice from the floor,  
Said "My name is Simpson, not Samson."

There was a young girl from Norway,  
Who hung upside down in a doorway.  
She said to her man, "Get off that divan,  
I think I've discovered one more way."

There was a young gaucho named Bruno  
Who said that love was all that he did know,  
A thin girl divine, a fat one sublime,  
But my Llama is numero uno.

There was a young man from Buckingham,  
Who wrote ten volumes on women and fucking them,  
This magnificent work was excelled by a Turk,  
Who wrote twelve on cocks and sucking them.

There was an old lady from Rhems,  
Who found she could piss in four streams,  
In the words of the doc, it wasn't the cock,  
But a fly button stuck in the seams.

There was a young lady from Spain,  
Who liked rooting now and again.  
Not now and again, but now, --and again;  
And again and again, and again.

There was a young lass from Madras  
Who stuffed dynamite up her arse,  
It went off with a boom, blow her womb to Khartoum,  
And clitoris to Buckingham Palace.

There was a good King of Algiers,  
Who said to his haron, "My dears.  
My language is blunt, a cunt is a cunt,  
And a fuck is a fuck," Loud cheers!

There was a pretty young maiden of France,  
Who decided she'd just "take a chance"  
She let herself go for an hour or so,  
And now all her sisters are cunts.

There was a young lady of Worcester,  
Who dreamed Harlan Brande sodomester,  
But she woke up to find it was all in her mind:  
Just a lump in the mattress that sodomester.

A corpulent maiden named Kroll  
Had a notion exceedingly droll  
At a masquerade ball dressed in nothing at all,  
She packed in as a Parker House roll.

A wanton young lady from Winley  
Reproached for not acting prudely,  
Answered "Heavens above, I know sex isn't love,  
But it's such an attractive facsimile."

There was a young lady from Kent,  
Who said that she knew what it meant,  
To be asked out to dine on lobster and wine,  
She knew what it meant and she went.

A fanatic gun-lover called Crust  
Was perverse to the point of disgust  
His idea of a peach had a 16" breach  
And a pearlhandled 44 bust.

There once was a maiden from Multry  
Whose knowledge was really quite sultry,  
She said like a sage, adolescence the stage,  
Sweet puberty and glorious adultery.

There was a young lady from Sydney  
Who could take it right up to the kidney  
But a man from the south got up to her mouth,  
He got his money's worth didn't he!

There once was a fellow from Kent  
Whose tool was horribly bent  
To save himself trouble he put it in double  
And instead of coming, he went.

There once was a chap from St. Kilda  
Who took out a girl named Matilda  
He said that he could, and he should, and he would  
And he did and he fucking well killed her.

There once was a man named Jim  
Who had a girl who ate hymen  
It wasn't her size that attracted his eyes  
But the crystallized cum on the rim.

There was a young man from Horsham  
Who took out his balls to wash 'em  
His mother said "Jack, if you don't put them back  
I'll stand on the buggers and squash 'em!"

There was a port lass from Madras  
Who had a peculiar ass  
Not rounded and pink as you probably think  
But was grey, had long ears and ate grass.

There was a young lad from Nabs  
Who lived on pox pickings and scabs  
If he got sick on spew, which he would often do  
His wife's monthly blood brought him through

There was a young man from Bermuda  
Who liked his tart nude when he wooed her  
She thought it was rude to be wooed in the nude  
But the fellow was shrewder and screwed her

There was a young lass called Mabel  
Who liked it best on the table  
What a cunt of a whore, she'd take 200 or more  
And invite any back who were able.

A girl of uncertain nativity  
Had a sense of extreme sensitivity  
When she sat on the lap of a German or Jap  
She would sense some fifth column activity

The spouse of a pretty young thing  
Came home from the wars in the spring  
He was lame but he came with his hand on his cane  
A discharge is a wonderful thing.

There was a young man from Rangoon  
Who was an unfortunate houn.  
He hadn't the luck to be born by a fuck  
But by a wet dream fed in by a spoon.

There was a young girl from Bengal  
Who went to the birth control ball,  
Took all her accessories; letters and pessaries,  
And didn't get asked at all.

A policeman from Tottenham Junction  
Lost the use of his sexual function  
For the rest of his life he deceived his wife  
By dextrous use of his truncheon.

There was a young man from St. Pauls  
Who had a hexagonal ball  
The square of his date, plus his penis times eight  
Was two fifths of five eights of fuck all.

There was a young chap from the Cape  
Who foolishly took on an ape.  
The ape cried "You fool, you'll bugger your tool  
And put my poor arse out of shape".

There was a young girl of Japan  
Who went for a ride on a train  
The dirty conductor got up and fucked her  
And now she's wheeling a pram.

There was a young girl from Bengal  
Who wore a newspaper dress to a ball  
The dress caught fire, and burnt her entire,  
Front page, sporting section and all.

The dirty old bastard called Dave  
Used to keep a dead whore in a cave,  
"I know it's disgusting, but she only needs dusting,  
and think of the money I save".

There was a young man from Cape Horn  
Who wished he'd never been born,  
He wouldn't have been if his father had seen  
That the end of his letter was torn.

There was a young Jewess called Grace,  
Who sucked off one of her race  
In spite of his howls, she sucked out his bowels  
And spat them back in his face

There was a young lady of Kew  
Who said as the bishop withdrew,  
The vicar was quicker and slicker and thicker  
and nine inches longer than you.

There was a man from Peru,  
Who lived on cat's jerk-off and spew.  
When he tired of those, he lived on the cheese  
That under his foreskin grew.

There once was a monastery monk,  
Who went to sleep on a bunk.  
He dreamt that Venus was stroking his penis,  
And woke with a handfull of spunk.

A dirty old man from Calcutta  
Once raped a girl in the gutter.  
The heat of the sun burnt a hole in his bum  
And melted his balls into butter.

There was an old hag from Jahoro,  
Who was covered in syphilis sores  
Great sheets of green meat hung in lengths to the street  
For the dogs to lick at and gnaw

.os,

There was a young man from the Alice,  
Who pissed in the Archbishop's chalice,  
But it wasn't the need which prompted the deed,  
But pure sectarian malice.

There was a young lady from Osit,  
Who went to a twopenny closet,  
And when she got there, she could only pass air,  
That wasn't worth twopence, was it?

eight

In the garden of Eden sat Adam  
As he played with the twot of his madam;  
He chuckled with mirth, as he thought: On this earth  
There were only two balls, and he had 'em.

tool

There was a young man of Kings,  
Whose mind dwelt on heavenly things,  
His earthly desires were boys from the choir,  
With arsos like a jolly on springs.

There was a young lady of fashion  
Who had oodles and oodles of pashion,  
To the bridegroom she said, on the night she was wed,  
"Here's one thing the state can't ration!"

There was a young lady of Erskine  
And the chief of her charms was a fair skin,  
But the sable she wore, (and minks galore)  
She earned while wearing her bare skin.

usting,

Oh knock-kneed Sam McGuzzon  
Who married his bow legged cousin,  
Some people say love finds a way,  
But for Sam and his cousin it doesn't.

There was a young lady of York,  
Said a Frenchman who gnawed at her fork  
"Your cunt is dripping, so I'll stop my sipping  
And use my cock as a cork.

wols

There was a young girl from the Leith,  
Who sucked young men off with her teeth  
It wasn't for pleasure she adopted this measure  
But to get at the cheese underneath.

r

There was a young man from Pardon  
Whose bird sucked him off in the garden  
He said "Hoy Flo, where did it go?"  
She said "Hup, beg your pardon".

isc

There was a young man from Kildare  
Who started a root on a stair,  
When the banister broke, he just quickened his stroke  
And finished her off in mid air.

There was a young fellow of Leeds  
Who swallowed a packet of seeds,  
In a month, silly arse, he was covered in grass,  
And couldn't sit down for the weeds.

There was a young virginal lass  
Who constructed her panties of brass  
When asked "Do they chafe?" She said "Yes, but its safe  
Against pinches and pins in your arse."

so the street

A midget, once indiscret,  
Went to a dance in the street  
One frigid December, he froze every member,  
And crept away to retreat.

There once was a dentist named Chomo  
 Who had a patient from Rome  
 In a fit of depravity, he filled the wrong cavity  
 Now she's nursing the cavity at home

There once was a lady named Myrtle,  
 Who had an affair with a turtle.  
 The next day at dawn, she gave birth to a prawn  
 Which proved that the turtle was fertile.

Said the Duke to the Duchess elective  
 "Is my eyesight becoming defective?  
 Is the east tit the least bit the best of the west tit  
 Or is it my lack of perspective?"

There was a young man from Rhions  
 Who used to have wet dreams,  
 With commendable wit, he encased them in shit,  
 And sold them as chocolate creams.

There was a young baker from Tottenham  
 Who used to bake pies and put snot in 'em  
 She also interned the turds of the birds  
 And whopped off young dogs till they shot in 'em.

--ooOoo--

#### RING THE BELL VERGER

##### CHORUS

Ring the bell verger, ring the bell, ring  
 Perhaps the congregation will condescend to sing

Perhaps the bloody organist sitting on his stool  
 Will start playing organ and stop playing tool.

Ocean liner seven days late  
 'Cause the stoker's up the mate  
 Captain's voice comes down the wire  
 Stop stoking mate and start stoking fire.

BBC announcer sits  
 Twiddling with typists tits  
 Boss walks in and says with smiles  
 Stop twiddling tits and start twiddling dials.

Down in the basement cook she lies  
 With the butler twist her thighs  
 Mistress's voice in angry mood  
 Stop fucking cook and start fucking food

In the garage mistress sits  
 She has Chauffer play with tits  
 Master's voice comes from a far  
 Stop fucking mistress and start fucking car.

Up in the belfry the bell man sits  
 Playing with his monster bit  
 Verger's voice comes up from hell  
 Stop pulling pud and start pulling bell.

--ooOoo--

#### COLONEL BOGY

Hitler has only one brass ball  
 Goering has two but very small  
 Himler has something similar,  
 Poor old Goeballs has no balls at all.

--ooOoo--

DAS VIRGINITY GEFUCKKEN

ity  
 I knew I should not go with him,  
 I knew his reputation,  
 But the dance was very boring,  
 So I fell for his temptation,  
 He took me to his roomy car,  
 A rug he quickly found me,  
 Then he promptly drove away,  
 With his arm around me.  
 It only seemed a little while,  
 When the car finally stopped.  
 And then he pressed his lips to mine,  
 His just slightly parted,  
 And by the passion of that kiss,  
 I knew the game had started.  
 I tried to turn my face from his,  
 But he showed great persistence,  
 And as I saw it was no use,  
 I surrendered my resistance.  
 I slipped my arm around his neck,  
 I gave him kiss for kiss,  
 I never thought a kiss could give,  
 So great a thrill as his.

on.  
 Then my conscience put aside,  
 By my lips surrender,  
 I felt his hand creep from my knees,  
 As far as my suspenders.  
 I took my arm from round his neck,  
 And made him lift his hand,  
 I said I did not mind the kisses,  
 But this I would not stand.  
 His roving hand thus being removed,  
 Began another quest,  
 It slowly moved up until,  
 It rested on my breast.  
 Then in spite of all resolve,  
 Passion through me did ripple,  
 As his hand stroked my curves,  
 And squeezed each bulging nipple.  
 I should have removed his roving hand,  
 From where he then employed it,  
 But this was doing me no harm,  
 Besides, I quite enjoyed it.  
 I lifted up my lips to his,  
 To pay for his caress,  
 His left hand moved from my waist,  
 And slid beneath my dress.  
 My scanties little hindrance gave,  
 And over me came streaking,  
 As he caressed and pressed my tender flesh,  
 A most exciting feeling.

o sing  
 stool  
 L.  
 I shook myself to clear my head,  
 And then removed his hand,  
 I said "I'm not that type of girl,  
 I hope you understand."  
 He said he did not mind at all,  
 And soon my fears abated,  
 I said we should be going,  
 But he still longer waited,  
 His hand then found my shoulder strap,  
 And slipped it from my shoulder.  
 Then with my bosom uncovered,  
 He put my will to test,  
 He quickly bent his curly head,  
 And pressed it on my breast.  
 A flame like fire went through my veins,  
 In a most disturbing fashion,  
 When ecstasy outwon my will,  
 His hand again was moving,  
 Slowly up towards my thigh,  
 This time without reproving.

When his lips at last left my breast,  
 I didn't miss them much,  
 Because I got a greater thrill,  
 With his hand upon my crutch.  
 He whispered softly in my ear,  
 As I meekly sat beside him,  
 But in spite of the warm feeling,  
 I still found strength to deny him.  
 He took his right hand from my breast,  
 And in it took my right,  
 Although I tried to pull away,  
 He held it firmly tight.  
 He moved my hand toward himself,  
 My nerves quickly turned to jelly,  
 As he firmly placed my hand,  
 Upon his lower belly,  
 Then he caressed my breast,  
 His other hand grew bolder.  
 Beneath his clothes I could now feel,  
 Something that made me sigh,  
 And soon I found he had undone,  
 Three buttons of his fly.  
 Beneath his clothes I slowly groped,  
 My will grew slowly weak,  
 And through that opening in his fly,  
 My hand began to seek.  
 Beneath his fly, I groped around,  
 As if in search of treasure,  
 And when I found the prize I sought,  
 My heart just throbbed with pleasure.

And while we sat in fond embrace,  
 My conscience in the grave,  
 I played with his passion pole,  
 While he explored my cave.  
 His cunning finger teased my desire,  
 Until I filled with longing,  
 He seemed to sense without a word,  
 My wish for compensation,  
 He took a rug and spread it out,  
 Upon a patch of clover,  
 When I quickly and gladly joined him there,  
 My virgin days were over.  
 And from my heart my heated blood,  
 Through all my veins went rushing,  
 I slipped off my evening frock,  
 To save it from a crushing.  
 Then I removed my slip,  
 And naked to the waist,  
 I lay myself upon the rug,  
 Love's great joy to taste.

He knelt between my outstretched legs,  
 Then sank upon my breast,  
 And brought the charm for which I longed,  
 Towards my easy nest.  
 One of my hands stayed down below,  
 My door to open wide,  
 My other grasped his lovely toy,  
 To be its steady guide.  
 I squeezed it hard when it came down,  
 To part my curly hair,  
 I felt a new sensation,  
 And found that it was in there.  
 My virgin passage simply oiled,  
 By natural lubrication,  
 Its first intruder welcomed,  
 Without the slightest hesitation.  
 It seemed a miracle to me,  
 So tiny was my nest,  
 That it would accommodate,  
 So strong and hard a guest.

His fleshy sword, into me,  
 It came with comfort laden,  
 But all too soon it was stonned,  
 When first it reached my maiden.  
 Until now no sudden pain,  
 Had crept upon me,  
 But now I felt a sudden pain,  
 As he pushed a little harder,  
 A sudden sharp and burning pain,  
 That made me feel like crying,  
 But then once more on its inward path,  
 That lovely sting went sliding.  
 Then inside my panting form,  
 That weapon went completely,  
 I never thought with its great size,  
 That it would fit so neatly.  
 He paused a little to rest,  
 And then he began the motion,  
 His body moving up and down,  
 Like a ship upon the ocean.  
 It wasn't long before,  
 I caught the motions rhythm,  
 My body moved up and down,  
 In perfect time with his.

I found within my soul,  
 A perfect joy abiding,  
 As in and out my cylinder,  
 His piston went agliding.  
 Then while in motion we both moved,  
 The lovely union mated,  
 He whispered in my ear,  
 And then the speed accelerated.  
 Then I locked my feet behind his knees,  
 To get a greater pleasure,  
 Then he gave a harder push and shove,  
 Which brought me much more pleasure.  
 A few conclusive movements,  
 And a final lovely shove,  
 And naturally we had reached,  
 The climax of our love.

A little while we lay entwined,  
 To make our joy complete,  
 He then withdrew his shrinking tool,  
 And rose up to his feet.  
 Now our lovemaking game was over,  
 We both felt rather shy,  
 He entwined his bride,  
 And buttoned up his fly.  
 And as he folded up the rug,  
 I was happy to confess,  
 That I had lost my maiden,  
 Without a thought of sorrow,  
 I'm meeting him again,  
 Tomorrow.

--ooOoo--

#### THE MONKEY AND THE ALLIGATOR

The monkey and the alligator sat on the grass,  
 The monkey shoved a finger up the alligator's arse,  
 Singing Abadabadoo, Abadabadoo,  
 Don't let my baby know.

"Monkey," said the alligator; "Be a kind soul,  
 Kindly take your finger out of my arse-hole,"  
 Mama is in bed, Papa on the top,  
 The child is in the cradle crying,  
 "Put it in Pop."

--ooOoo--



## THE ALPHABET SONG

A is for arseholes all covered in hair...  
 Heigh Ho-said Rolly  
 B is the buggar who wished he were there  
 With a-rolly polly up 'em and stuff 'em  
 Heigh Ho-said Rolly.

C is for cunt all dripping with piss  
 D is the drunkard who gave it a kiss.

E is for eunuchs with only one ball  
 F is for fucker with no balls at all

G is for gonorrhea gontre and gout  
 H is the harlot that spread it about

I is injection for clap, pox and itch  
 J is the jerk of a dog on a bitch

K is the king who thought fucking a bore  
 L is the lesbian who came back for more

M is for maidenhood all tattered and torn  
 N is for Noble, who died with a horn

O is for oriface gently revealed  
 P is for penis all pranged up and peeled

Q is the Quaker who shot in his hat  
 R is the roger who rogered the cat.

S is the shit pot all full to the brim  
 T is the turds that are floating within

U is the usher who taught us at school  
 V is the virgin who played with his tool

W the whore who thought fucking a ferce  
 X, Y and Z you can stuff up your arse.

---ooOoo---

## GRANDFATHERS COCK

My grandfathers cock was too large for his pants  
 So it dragged ninety years on the floor  
 It was bigger by far than the old man himself  
 But it weighed not a pennyweight more  
 Held a horn on the morn of the day that he was born  
 And a horn on the day that he died  
 But his cock stopped never to rise again  
 When Grandpa died.

Ninety years without slumbering, In; out, in; out  
 New children numbering, In; out, in; out  
 It stopped, stiff, never to go again  
 When the old man died

---ooOoo---

## THE BREEZES

Here's to the breezes  
 Wat lifts the girls tweeze  
 Way 'bove their bare kneeze  
 And lets us all seeze  
 The things that us please  
 And gives us disease  
 Be Jeezes.....  
 The breezes!

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THE VILLAGE MAIDEN

I was a village maiden,  
I was bred on a farm,  
My mother thought that I was soft,  
And couldn't come to harm.

I heard the others talking,  
Of love and other things,  
Of going out with fellows  
And of the joys it brings.

The others thought it funny,  
And all very thick,  
That in all my eighteen years  
I had never seen a prick.

But one day in the forest,  
I met the parson's son,  
And as he called me "Darling."  
I felt inclined to run.

He caught me by the arm,  
And we sat down by a tree.  
We hadn't been there very long  
When his hand was on my knee.

It made me feel so funny  
To feel his hand go higher,  
And when it touched my thigh  
I trembled with desire.

I fumbled with his trousers,  
His fly was open wide.  
I felt a big hard thing,  
"Oh, what's that" I cried.

He was staggered at my surprise,  
"Is that the first you've seen,  
It's what you call a prick,  
My lovely maiden queen."

Now all this time his hand  
Was creeping nearer the spot,  
And when at last he touched it,  
It felt all red and hot.

He said "We'd get on better  
If we lay down on the grass".  
I hastened to obey him  
And his hand went around my arse.

He soon had off my panties,  
My blouse he opened wide.  
I saw his prick grow bigger  
When my tits he did espy.

He kissed my virgin nipples  
And gave them a passionate suck.  
I could stand it no longer;  
I said, "Fuck, my darling, fuck."

I flung my legs wide open  
And felt a lovely shock  
AS into my yearning fuzz,  
He plunged his burning cock.

I felt a stab of pain,  
My maiden head had broke.  
It was so lovely lying there  
As stroke succeeded stroke.

Suddenly he shuddered  
As passion shook poor Bruce,  
And from his thickened cock  
Poured forth hot creamy juice.

It was a lovely feeling,  
The juice running down my bum.  
I felt it hot and sticky,  
I knew what he had done.

It was so lovely lying there,  
A silent peaceful bliss,  
As at last he took it out  
To go and have a piss.

I looked and as I watched him,  
It gave me quite a shock  
To see just what had happened  
To his lovely great big cock.

The glorious stiffness had shrunk,  
It really seemed a dream,  
It was really but a wrinkle  
Covered with mottled cream.

I put my hand upon it  
To see what I could do  
He said, "My darling, rub it,  
We'll have another soon."

I sucked the cream from it,  
I stood upright with him,  
And when I wasn't looking  
He went and kissed my gin.

Of course that got me going  
With joy I was afloat,  
I had a glorious feeling  
As he fingered the man in the boat.

I did as he told me,  
I held my tits together  
And he placed his cock between  
Until it was as hard as ever.

After trying for a while,  
He got a nice stiff form,  
He turned me over on my bum,  
And then he shot his brawn.

I cried, "My darling sweetheart,  
Please give me all you've got".  
I hugged him all the closer,  
And thus again he shot.

We really had to go at last,  
We parted with much sorrow,  
He said, "My darling, don't you worry,  
We'll have some more tomorrow."

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LIFE PRESENTS A DISMAL PICTURE

Life presents a dismal picture  
 Full of sorrow and of gloom:  
 Father has an anal stricture,  
 Mother has a fallen womb.  
 Brother Percy's been deported  
 For a homosexual crime,  
 Sister Sue has been aborted  
 For the forty second time.

Uncle Charlie has a chancre  
 Caught from Uncle Henry's wife.  
 May's in bed with menstruation,  
 Auntie's at the change of life.  
 Life presents a dismal picture:  
 Noone hardly ever smiles;  
 Mine's a gloomy occupation  
 Crushing ice for Grandpa's piles.

Life presents a dismal picture-  
 Found a foetus in a case:  
 Dr. Bowden says it's murder-  
 Of sister Anne there is no trace.  
 Brother Bill's emasculated  
 For the safety of the human race.  
 Sister Anne is now frustrated,  
 No man's safe around our place.

As for me I had a discharge,  
 With mercury I did annoint,  
 But it was not worth a cracker:  
 Now I've got a Charcot's joint.  
 Gonococcal Salpingitis  
 It has blocked my tubes for me;  
 So you see my dearest doctor,  
 It's no use to do a D and C.

NEVER ROOT

(Tune: Never smile at a Crocodile)

Never root with a prostitute  
 Never stop a while and give your bolt a shot,  
 Don't be taken in by her welcome grin,  
 She's imagining how much you'll get when you  
 slip in.

Never root with a prostitute  
 Even though she says you've got a beaut  
 Don't be rude, never mock, use your head and ;  
 not your cock,  
 But never root with a prostitute.  
 Never root with a prostitute,  
 Though you may be well hung,  
 And know how to kiss with your tongue  
 There's one kind of bag not to slag when you're  
 on the run.

So never root with a prostitute  
 Even though she says you've got a beaut  
 Don't be rude, never mock, use your head and  
 not your cock.  
 And never root with a prostitute.

THE BRIDE'S CONFESSION

Dear Bella,

When we parted you wished me to write  
And tell you of all that happened that night.  
Well dear Frank and I were joined hand in hand  
And allowed to perform all that love can command.  
But language can't tell what wise have said  
Of wonderful ways of a man with a maid.

Be assured they can only be known  
By a lecture in bed with a man of your own,  
Not withstanding I'll tell you as well as I can,  
Of all that I found in the secret of man,  
So that you and all cervian lasses can learn  
How the game may be played when it comes to your turn.

We started from Brighton exactly at noon  
To spend as the phrase is, a sweet honeymoon.  
Bright sunshine was with us the whole of the day,  
Dear Frank was amorous, ardent and gay,  
So much so that, though still in the carriage,  
He began to indulge in the freedom of marriage.

After drawing the blinds, and removing my wrap,  
He lifted me bodily right onto his lap,  
Where closely resting his head on my shoulder,  
He caught my hot lips, which made him grow bolder,  
For, whilst still engaged, he unfastened my dress,  
And slipped his hand on my white virgin breasts.

Blushing crimson, I struggled with all of my might,  
And implored him to wait until the night,  
And then if he sought so close a connection  
There would be less chance of sudden detection  
Then he lifted my skirts right up over my knees  
His hand started stroking despite all my pleas.

His smooth hand crept betwixt my thighs  
Whilst holding me tight so's I couldn't rise.  
Frightened and bashful I clung round his waist  
In a shamed sort of way, with a flush on my face  
Whilst roaming and teasing his hand remained there  
First pinching the flesh and entwining the hair.

This frivolity lasted for more than an hour  
Whilst completely subdued I lay in his power.  
I struggled no longer, and to tell the true facts,  
I felt pleasant sensations from some of his acts.  
Then we reached the hotel and found things prepared  
The apartments were furnished and comfortably aired.

Our dinner was served, stylish and neat,  
'Twas a shame to sit down to such a good treat,  
When the feast we expected a little while hence  
So excited our thought and engrossed every sense,  
That all our thoughts were held in subjection,  
However I arranged a simple collection.

Frank praised the champagne, I thought it delicious,  
He adored it enough to make Cupid propitious  
And indeed, he was right for between you and me  
I've never had spirits more jolly and free.  
Now I know you'll skip all till you reach the word "Night"  
And how my emotions o'ercame all my might.

Well attend and I'll draw the curtains aside,  
And detail the sport between man and his bride,  
I'll happily detail the process bewitching  
By which girls are cured of that troublesome itching  
And all those desires which crept into leisure,  
Became to a couple, a realized pleasure.

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Well as the time approached I felt rather faint,  
 My bosoms kept rising, despite all restraint,  
 Frank noticed my state and he tenderly said  
 "You look tired, dear Mary, so get off to bed"  
 What a sly wicked notion, I knew what he meant,  
 So, covered with blushes, I kissed him and went.

I was scarcely undressed and prepared for my doom  
 When I heard the dear fellow glide into the room,  
 And as I lay there, twixt wonder and dread,  
 He slipped off his clothing and jumped into bed,  
 For an instant I found my self clasped in his arms,  
 And I quickly lost all of my sweet girlish dreams.

For he soothed me so fondly and gave me such kisses  
 That warmed my young heart for more exquisite blisses.  
 Untying my nightdress, he slipped out my arms,  
 Gently drawing it downwards without any qualms  
 Until perfectly nude I lay at his side,  
 Fairly endeavouring my blushes to hide.

For his hand, warm and bold, in pursuit of its game  
 Fondled my bosoms and wandered my frame,  
 Most frequently moving, conceive my distress,  
 Where pen cannot write, although I'm sure you will guess  
 In tears I implored him not to be rude,  
 But he sealed up my lips and his fingers pursued  
 Declaring that if he couldn't do as he wished  
 Life would, in short, cease to exist.

However, he said that that very same day,  
 I'd promised in church him to love and obey,  
 That this was all true he whispered in my ear  
 For our parents had done the same thing, it was clear,  
 Besides the parson, in his pious exaltation,  
 Had told us that marriage was to ward off temptation.

It was plainly wrong to keep at such a distance,  
 Or to thwart such desire with even passive resistance,  
 So my blood and reserve o'ercame, I freely returned,  
 For a flame irresistible inside me burned.  
 Then smiling to himself and without further delay  
 Like a lion he crept right up on to his prey.

Pushing my legs till they were well wide apart,  
 He brought to my opening his wonderful dart  
 Then gently inserting his most welcome guest  
 He lowered himself right down onto my breasts  
 You can not imagine my excited condition  
 While his strong manly weapon was gaining admission

Oh! How wonderful his great penis was,  
 Surpassing by far all my ladylike fancies,  
 So relentless in power and extended in length  
 That I felt its dimensions and wonderful strength  
 Overcame with alarm I exclaimed with a sigh,  
 "Don't push any further or I'm sure I will die."

But tears and entreaties were alike unheeded,  
 For bent on his purpose the sport proceeded,  
 And although I have said he was armed like a giant,  
 He was truly a man and not a tyrant  
 And expanding I yielded to every position,  
 Until he had gained the fullest admission

I found, dear Della, the saying quite true,  
 That man and his wife are one and not two,  
 For union so close, all description surpasses  
 And can't be conceived at by innocent lasses.  
 The conqueror within me was steadily swelling,  
 And now knew life in its snug juicy dwelling.

Nine times we indulged in this loving delight  
Till my hero was at last disposed to keep quiet  
But to tell the true facts, had he given a score,  
I still would have needed his loving some more  
But unluckily he thought it time to observe  
The maxim of keeping some force in reserve.

In another he could not take part  
So we were rendered "Hors de Combat".  
Still I felt that quenchless desire  
And found that warm rod of love building higher  
Growing much bolder I extended my hand  
And felt the dear fellow grow and expand.

Till soon he had gained his complete perfection  
And stood forth proudly in his huge erection.  
And Frank, lazy fellow, lay snug in his bed,  
And said it was my turn to get on ahead.  
Well I mounted at once, first parting the hair,  
And placing his lance with infinite care.

I extended my body full length on his chest  
Determined to please him by doing my best.  
Astonished Frank called me a "hot little devil"  
And not a bit backward enjoying a revel.  
From the first he had known I wouldn't be cold  
But he hadn't dreamt for a moment I'd ever be bold.

He was agreeably surprised and delighted however,  
To think he had won so handsome a treasure.  
And having developed in such an innocent way,  
I went on with my task without further delay.  
So feeling my elbows press close to his side,  
I swayed up and down while riding astride.

With quick rapid stroke we quickly succeeded  
In obtaining pleasure we both so much needed.  
The blissful sensation continued a while  
And delighted dear Frank, I could tell by his smile.  
So while still retaining the upper position,  
I boldly commenced a second edition.

I accomplished my task with vigour and zest,  
Now and then pausing to give Frank both a feel and a rest.  
Then clasping my loins he pushed further inside  
And the fountain of love flowed in its full tide  
As morning came, I longed for still more,  
Then a maid knocked and came in the door.

She brought some fresh scones and buttered some toast,  
Refreshed I begged for one final dose.  
Frank laughed and suggested a change of position.  
So grasping my legs and raising my head,  
He lifted me bodily right out of bed,  
And smiling he bade me lean over a chair,  
Then grasping my shoulders, snowy and bare,  
Leant forward with my legs wide apart,  
One final feel and in went his dart  
In further and further, his hand on my breast,  
Thus mounted behind he went on with zest.

Being over my back was certainly nice, and I felt myself  
(stirred  
By a delightful sensation, the wonderful happening  
(occured.

This completed the sport of the night  
And put the last touch on our mutual delight.  
We soon began requisite ablutions  
And washed off the stains of the whole night's solutions.

Then taking my hand he exclaimed with great pride  
"I've come to admire my beautiful bride."



While our limbs were entwined in the closest union  
 Our bodies were working in perfect unison.  
 The conflict now raged, it was ravaging quite,  
 All my pains became feelings of joy and delight.  
 This great weapon of bliss in perpetual motion  
 Did its work with exquisite skill and devotion.

With knees pressing mine, Frank made his attack  
 First pressing it in, then drawing it back,  
 My thighs entwined in his, my thighs well apart,  
 Each stroke was a rapture as he pushed in his dart,  
 With each thrust so solidly given.  
 I felt enchanted and wafted to heaven.

Round his vigorous form like a tendrill I twined  
 As our moist lips met, we revelled in joy sublime  
 Till we had pressed and pushed with all our might  
 And reached the place of hymn's delight.  
 With a passionate kiss he sank down to rest  
 While raptures untold thrilled through my breast.

For some moments entwined dissolving we lay,  
 While the fountain of love was busy at play.  
 But then through my veins came an overpowering sensation  
 And we gave many pledges of our loves continuation.  
 My hero on further achievement was bent, not subdued  
 And embracing me closely his object persued.

Delighted, I felt the great male organ aflame,  
 And replied with great ardour the strokes of my swain,  
 Who still merely pledging his part,  
 Was restraining the force of his soul-striving dart,  
 First playing it in till it fitted quite tight,  
 Then pausing as if to prolong the delight.

Till panting with pleasure, my breath nearly gone,  
 I countered swift action and whispered "Press on".  
 All attention he summoned and frankly obeyed  
 And again and again rich tribute his ecstasy paid.  
 While pulsating with joy, his stalwart erection,  
 Delivered within me its creamy injection.

Then tired and pliant from fluid emulsion,  
 We motionless sank into complete relaxation.  
 But my dreams so reflected that glamorous game  
 That I started and woke, my blood all aflame.  
 With my slumber cut short on awaking  
 I thought more could be had for the taking.

I saluted dear Frank with an amorous kiss  
 As I hinted I sought a renewal of bliss.  
 And thus filled with vigour my amorous young swain,  
 To render him keen for that exquisite game  
 I placed my hand on the source of the pleasure  
 The pride of his manhood and this woman's treasure.

So firm yet so soft from the tip to the back  
 Where two hard little balls lie, enclosed in a sack.  
 Leaving my hand there, for a while I squeezed  
 While my boy lay back in luxuriant ease,  
 Till, unable to bear my feeling any longer,  
 And his urgent desire grew stronger and stronger,  
 He flew into my arms and in one mighty tilt  
 He lovingly shoved it right up to the hilt.

And again we pursued our mutual enjoyment,  
 While murmurs of ecstasy marked every stroke  
 And the bed by its creaking our ardour bespoke.  
 Till soon we had completed this fine operation  
 And poured forth together in warm liberation.  
 Alternately sporting and sleeping this way  
 Throughout the night and into the day.

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Nude and in bed are essential conditions,  
Though I'm still amazed at the many positions. (right.  
Frank will not allow me to overdo it, & he's certainly  
it is much better to wait until night.

Then again you'll gain your quenchless desires  
For all of the pleasures which never tire.  
But words do not often reveal  
All the joys of wedlock one desires to feel.  
So lose not a moment dear Bella  
Make eyes at some handsome young fellow  
Make haste and get married as soon as you can,  
For life is just made and enjoyed with a man.  
Love,  
Mary.

--ooOoo--

#### THE WOODPECKER'S HOLE

I put my finger in the woodpecker's hole.  
And the woodpecker said well bless my soul  
Take it out, take it out, Roooo-move it!

I removed my finger from the woodpecker's hole,  
The woodpecker said well please my soul,  
Put it back, put it back, Roooo-place it!

I replaced my finger in the woodpecker's hole,  
The woodpecker said well bless my soul,  
Turn it round, turn it round, Roooo-volve it!

I revolved my finger in the woodpecker's hole,  
The woodpecker said well bless my soul,  
Turn it back, turn it back, Roooo-verse it!

I reversed my finger in the woodpecker's hole,  
The woodpecker said well bless my soul,  
In and out, in and out, Roooo-ciprocate it.

I reciprocated my finger in the woodpecker's hole,  
The woodpecker said well bless my soul,  
Slow it down, slow it down, Roooo-tard it.

I retarded my finger in the woodpecker's hole,  
The woodpecker said well bless my soul,  
Pull it out, pull it out, Roooo-tract it.

I retracted my finger from the woodpecker's hole,  
The woodpecker said well bless my soul,  
Take a whiff, take a whiff, Roooooooooooo-volting.

--ooOoo--

#### THE MONK OF PRIORY HALL

There was an old monk of Priory Hall  
There was an old monk of Priory Hall  
Who bashed his balls against a wall.  
They were huge balls, large balls,  
Balls as heavy as lead,  
Balls, Balls  
With a dextrous flick of his muscular prick  
He could fling 'em right over his head.  
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--ooOoo--

If we all pull together we can have a white Christmas.

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TINKER'S SONG

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Oh there was a fair young maiden riding  
homeward from a ball,  
Perchance to meet a tinker pissing up against a  
a wall.

Chorus:

With his great big kidney swiper and hisballs  
as big as three;  
And a yard and a half of foreskin hanging  
below his knee.  
Hanging down, swinging free  
Inches thick, what a prick,  
With a good yard and a half of foreskin  
hanging down between his knee.

So she wrote him a letter and in it she did x  
say  
I'd rather be fucked by tinkers than my  
husband any day.

Chorus:

So he mounted on his charger and to the  
castle he did ride,  
With his tool wrapped round the saddle  
and a ball on either side.

Chorus:

He rode up to the castle and knocked upon  
the door,  
"God save us", cried the butler, "he's come to  
fuck us all."  
Chorus:

Oh, he fucked the fair young maiden then he  
fucked the servants all.  
But the way he bummed the butler was the  
bottler of them all.

TWO BOLD GENDARMES

From the brothels back in Sydney  
To the cuntstruck Japanese  
We have left a trail of bastards  
And no finer men are these  
But if we meet a dying harlot  
Or a syphilitic twot.....

We fuck 'em all..... We fuck 'em all

We fuck 'em all..... We fuck 'em all

We've got the harlots on the run

We fuck 'em all... We fuck 'em all

We fuck 'em all... We fuck 'em all

There's not one that can't be done.

Sing a song of syphilis, a penis full of pus.  
Four and twenty pox scabs, waiting to be bust.  
And when her legs were opened, Oh what a sight  
to see:

Cozy grey-green matter, all running with the pee.

mas.

BUGGARED Tune : "Botany Bay"

For forty years I've been bugged  
 With horrible aches and pains  
 I've had every ailment I reckon  
 From rupture to varicose veins.  
     Singing too-ra- li-oora-li-addity  
             Too-ra-li-oo-ra-li-addity  
     Singing too-ra-li-oo-ra-li-addity  
             Too-ra-li-oora-li-aa

Neuritis with me is a hobby  
 I've bunions and corns on my feet  
 And I seem to bred stones in my bladder  
 Like fuckin' great lumps of concrete.

I've spent a small fortune on chemists  
 I've lain months in hospital beds  
 And the stuff I've taken to shift me  
 Has torn my poor stomach to shreds.

And in spite of the cures I'm taking  
 There's hardly a day I feel fit  
 And it takes a full pound of gunpowder.  
 Before I can bloody well shift.

I've a stricture in the tube of my penis  
 And I don't mind telling you this  
 I've to whistle "The Last Rose of Summer"  
 To coax my poor doodle to piss.

And as for a first class erection  
 The idea is simply absurd  
 For my cock's like an undersized maggot  
 And as soft as a night commode turd.

So my time's all spent in the shithouse  
 Or moaning and groaning in bed  
 While my friends they all murmur when passing  
 It's time the poor bastard was dead.

--OOOO--

## A SOLDIER'S DREAM OF AN R.W.A.C.

A little maiden passing by  
 A little twinkling of the eye  
 A little smile & little date  
 To meet when the hour is late  
 A little promise not to tell  
 A little room in some hotel  
 A little messing of the hair  
 A little fussing in some chair  
 A little drink a fond caress  
 A little question, the answer yes  
 A little shirt waist shed aside  
 A little breast that tried to hide  
 A little hand that went stealing inside  
 A little pleased with funny feeling  
 A little coaxing, a little teasing  
 A form revealed that is most pleasing.

--oOo--

BRITISH GRENADIERS

Some die of diabetes & some of diarrhoea,  
 Some die of drinking whiskey & some of drinking beer  
 But of all the world's diseases  
 There's none that can compare  
 With the drip, drip, drip,  
 Of the British Gonorrhoea.

--ooOoo--

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JUST A BOY

I remember the first time I tried it,  
I was just a green kid of fifteen,  
And even though she was much younger,  
She was far more composed and serene.

I was eager, yet awkwardly backward,  
Uncertain of how to proceed,  
But she seemed not to pay much attention  
As I prepared to do the deed.  
It was out in the barn, I remember,  
At the close of a fine summer day,  
And the evening was scented with clover  
And the fragrance of new mown hay

I remember I spoke to her softly,  
And the touch of her body was warm,  
As I moved up lovingly towards her,  
While she nestled her head in my arm.

Looking back on it now, I remember  
How I stood when my head seemed to spin,  
With the thoughts of the thing I planned doing,  
Yet somehow afraid to begin.

Then later I found myself standing  
Uncertain to stay or to run,  
And a feeling of pride then possessed me,  
As I knew the job was well done.

Twenty years have gone by since that evening,  
but I've never forgotten, I vow,  
The thrill and the joy that I felt as aa boy  
On that day when I first milked a cow!

--oo000oo--

GRAVEN A

CHORUS:

Craven A, never heard of fornication  
Craven A, silly little fool  
Craven A, quite content with masturbation  
Thought a cunt was something you were called at  
school.

His arrival at varsity was quite groteque,  
He laid his great penis on the tutor's desk,  
Said the tutor, "If it stays there in its present state  
I'll be forced to use that penis for a paperweight."

CHORUS:

Now the tutor said, "There is one thing I must impress,  
You must not masturbate in academic dress."  
So Craven just to show he didn't give a fuck  
Tossed himself off on the inkwell shouting, "One for luck"  
CHORUS:

Now Suzy was the daughter of the landlady,,  
She brought her cunt up every morning with a cup of tea  
And she'd been done so often that the courts declare  
Her vagina constitutes a public thoroughfare.  
CHORUS:

--oo000oo--

PETE THE PIDDLING PUP

A farmer's dog once came to town,  
 His christian name was Pete,  
 His pedigree was two miles long  
 And his looks were hard to beat  
 And as he trotted down the road  
 'Twas beautiful to see  
 His work on every corner,  
 His work on every tree.

He watered every gate way,  
 He never missed a post,  
 For piddling was his masterpiece  
 And piddling was his boast.  
 The city dogs looked loningly on  
 In deep and jealous rage,  
 To see the simple country dog,  
 The piddler of his age.

Then all the dogs from far and wide  
 Were summoned with a yell,  
 To sniff this country stranger off,  
 And judge him by his smell.  
 They sniffed beneath his stumpy tail,  
 Their praise of him ran high,  
 And when one sniffed him underneath,  
 Pete piddled in his eye.

They smelled him over one by one,  
 They smelled him two by two,  
 And noble Pete in high disdain  
 Stood till they were through,  
 Then Pete to show those city dogs  
 He didn't give a damn,  
 Walked right into a grocer's shop  
 And piddled on a ham.

He piddled on the onions,  
 He piddled on the floor,  
 And when the grocer kicked him out,  
 He piddled on the door.  
 Behind him all the city dogs decided what they would do;  
 They'd start a piddling carnival  
 To see the stranger through.

They'd show him all the piddling posts,  
 They knew all round the town,  
 They started off with many winks  
 To wear the stranger down.  
 They called the champion piddlers,  
 Who were always on the go,  
 And sometimes held a piddling comp.,  
 Or had a piddling show.

They sprang this on him suddenly,  
 When halfway through the town,  
 But Pete just piddled on and on,  
 And wore the champions down.  
 For Pete was with them every trick,  
 With vigour and with vim,  
 A thousand piddles more or less,  
 Were all the same to him.

So he was kicking merrily, with hind leg kicking high,  
 When most were lifting legs in bluff and piddling mighty dry.  
 On and on, Pete sought new grounds on which to lay the dust.  
 Till every other dog went dry,  
 And gave up in disgust.

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But on and on went noble Pete,  
 To water every sandhill,  
 Till all the city champions  
 Were piddled to a standstill.  
 The Pete an exhibition gave  
 Of all the ways to piddle,  
 Like "double trip" and "family flip",  
 And now and then a "dribble".

And all the time the country dog  
 Did neither wink nor grin,  
 But piddled blithely out of town  
 As he had piddled in.  
 The city dogs said "so long friend,  
 Your piddling defeats us".  
 But no-one ever put them wise  
 That Pete had diabetes.

---oo000oo---

### THE CHINESE MAIDEN

In the street of a thousand arseholes,  
 By the sign of the swinging tit,  
 There lived a Chinese maiden  
 By the name of Oo-Flung-Shit

CHORUS: Her greasy twot  
 Was forever hot.

She sat beneath the joss sticks,  
 With a smile of celestial bliss.  
 Her breath like scented lotus  
 Her eyes like a pool of piss.

CHORUS:-

She thought of her lover a bastard,  
 She thought of her pox-ridden beaux,  
 She thought of the scores she'd had on the floors;  
 Then in walked Wun-Hung-Low.

CHORUS

"Oh come to me, you bag of shit!"  
 He cried with cock in hand.  
 "My love for you will last for hours  
 Like ice upon the desert sand."

CHORUS:

She raised herself on her starboard tit,  
 And idly scratched her crack.  
 With smiles in her eyes, she looked at him,  
 And she said, "Go fuck your hat".

---oo000oo---

### YOUR SPOONING DAYS

Your spooning days are over,  
 Your pilot light is out;  
 What used to be your sex-appeal  
 Is now your water spout.

You used to be embarrassed  
 To make the thing behave,  
 For every blooming morning  
 It would stand up and watch you shave.

But now you are growing old, it sure gives you the blues,  
 To see the thing hang down your leg and watch you shine  
 your shoes.

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SAMARI SAL.

When the evening sky over Samari  
Is tinged a dusky red  
And the sun a crimson globe of flame  
Dips down past Kwato Head,  
When the tall sea pines resounds to the whines  
Of the nimble anophiles  
Twas the time of day, old timers say,  
They buried old Dumfries.

Now those who have been to the tropics  
Will know what the sun can do,  
When priicks hang limp like gutted shrimps,  
And testicles stick like glue;  
When even a fart can't raise a start  
And you'll never notice the small;  
You can only clutch at the base of your crutch,  
And feel you've been through hell.

It was such a day at Lao,  
I could not just get up,  
My arse was glued to the seat of the chair,  
Like a rubber suction cup,  
When a trader cove, picking his nose,  
And flicking the flies from his bum,  
Spun us the tale of old Jock McPhail,  
As he moodily sniffed at his rum.

Now in days gone by in Samari,  
It was much the same as now,  
There was only one bar, the "Evening Star",  
Run by a greasy chow.  
This Saturday night the place was bright,  
For all the boyos were in town.  
The local sluts picked scabs from their cunts,  
As they slipped their knickers down.

With rise and fall of buttocks and thighs  
On a low slung wicker bench,  
The A.D.O. was having a go  
At a dusky Kanaka wench.  
A planter tall flicked the starboard ball  
Of laughing Pete McGrick  
Who smiled and casually burned  
The hair from that gent's prick.

A pink cheeked cadet in a lather sweat  
Was pulling himself in a glass,  
While his mate gave a tug at a two pint jug  
That was jammed into his arse,  
But they stopped their fun at the roar of a gun  
And a voice like a north sea gale,  
"Gangway, by God, you turd born sod,  
Make way for Jock McPhail."

Now Jock was a man of the Campbell clan,  
Though his breed exists no more  
Though he roamed the seas he hailed from Dumfries  
--- was Scot pure Scot to the core.  
The long low line of his schooner fine  
Was known in every port,  
When he took his ease, like a North Sea breeze,  
In inter-sexual sport.

From Baring Strait to the Golden Gate  
It had blazed a lusty trail,  
Where countless whores had ample cause  
To recall the name McPhail;  
Paid him well in trochus shell,  
Had a wad of cash in bank,

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Had a heart of gold and a cock, I'm 'told,  
As big as an oxygen tank.

A whore in Singapore  
Once made the boastful cry,  
That alive or dead, no man in bed  
Her lust could satisfy,  
In the chilly dawn when the Scot had gone  
By the light of the early sun  
With palsied hands and ruptured glands,  
She repaired the damage he'd done.

Some Dago scum with the courage of rum  
Once made an illtimed jest,  
Of slipping an old brass cannon  
Down the back of the Scotsman's vest.  
With a wriggle and slip and a python grip,  
Jock clenched the cheeks of his arse,  
And the watchers saw, with awe,  
Just a mass of twisted brass.

So he scudded east with his heart at ease,  
And his stern sails set,  
Though he'd been in strife with the cops at Fife,  
For shagging a goat for a bet  
He shouted loud all that hard day  
At his sweating Kanaka crew,  
"Tonight we get to Samari  
Or I have your balls for stew".

So up to the bar of the Evening Star  
He strode with measured tread,  
And the local belles who knew him well,  
Cringed back in silent dread.  
But he only smiled at a wayward child,  
And waved his mighty cock.  
"Why damn your eyes, do you think it wize  
To trifle with Dumfries Jock?"

With legs astride and with conscious pride  
He addressed the company.  
"I dina fear there's a bastard here  
Who willna drink wi' me?"  
With a lusty cheer they surged near,  
That wild and lawless crew.  
But they stopped their noise  
At the sound of a voice they knew.

Framed in the door was a painted whore,  
Her vulva curled in a leer  
"So there's the Jock with the outsized cock",  
She said in a knowing sneer,  
"That sort of prick wouldn't take a trick,"  
And her arse was spread in a grin,  
"It must have been seized with some filthy disease  
For it looks like a rolling pin."

Jock's blue eyes held a mild surprise  
As he turned to gaze at the whore,  
Those who knew what the prick could do  
Timidly edged to the door.  
At the sight of his face, they gave him space,  
But he merely gazed at the tart,  
And said never a word though the closest heard  
The sibilent hiss of his fart.

Though you must admit she had plenty of guts,  
This well built stocky maid,  
And she was no fool though her only school  
Was a brothel in Port Sals.  
She'd sucked them dry from the Morati  
To the Panama Canal,  
Her very name brought her fame  
They called her Samari Sal.



But the burley Scot never cared a jolt,  
 So slipped of his pants and vest,  
 And twice his cock, like an earthquake shock  
 Pounded his hairy chest,  
 And thrice it rose and fell to his toes,  
 The foreskin flickered back,  
 And he pushed his ham like a battering ram  
 Through the mouth of that quivering crack.

With a hardly a pause at the gaping jaws  
 Of that great fur-trimmed hole,  
 Yet some watchers saw, in that cavernous maw,  
 The bot flies playing bow ls.  
 The mouth of that womb soon closed like a tomb  
 On the confident smiling Jock,  
 And then, with a snap, she closed her trap  
 On his unsuspecting cock.

For a Japanese tart had shown her the art  
 In a spirit of innocent fun  
 Though 'twas ancient lore to the Nipponese whore,  
 Sal had never seen it done.  
 By twisting about the falopian tubes,  
 And contracting the walls of her twot,  
 She showed with pride how a prick could be tied  
 In a quite inextricable knot.

So the Scot was bound; he had never found  
 A dilemma quite like this.  
 The watchers guessed by the sweat on his cheast  
 That something had gone amiss.  
 With a pig like grunt he tugged at her cunt,  
 Gave a groan you could almost feel,  
 But with never a squirm, her twat held firm,  
 With a grip like tempered steel.

He vainly thought as a last resort of a .45 calibre colt  
 So the muzzle he passed up that red-rimmed arse,  
 Jamming it home with a jolt.  
 As the gun gave roar, the unruffled whore  
 Caught the slug in her teeth,  
 And twisting about, she spat it out  
 On the hardwood floor beneath.

Then Jock fell back from that deadly crack,  
 The painted whore had won.  
 But Sal I was told, relaxed her hold  
 When she saw what she had done,  
 She massaged his bum with boiling rum  
 But the time for that had passed,  
 "Take care of your twot!" cried the gallant Scot,  
 And then he breathed his last.

Now you know where the giant man'rove stands  
 At the foot of Sabari Reach,  
 Where the old deserted shit-house stands  
 On the long gold sandy beach  
 At the close of the day a Scottish clay  
 Was buried beneath the dunes  
 And the trunk of a tree as you can still see  
 Was carved in some classic runes.

And still they say at the close of day,  
 When the sky is dusky red,  
 And the sun a crimson ball of flame,  
 Dips down past Kyoto Road,  
 Where the tall sea-pines are loud with the whine  
 Of the nimble enophiles,  
 And the white hawk's cry is a lullaby  
 And the roar of the surf is ceased,

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Then the air is rent by the Cambell's lament  
 With the lilt of the pibroch's wail;  
 As cock in hand on the coral strand,  
 Strides the ghost of Jock McPhail

---ooOoo---

THE HARLOT OF JERUSALEM

Virgin I

Come listen to my tale of woe  
 It happened many years ago,  
 When women rarely answered "No"  
 Way down in old Jerusalem.

Hi Ho Kathoozalem Kathoozalem Kathoozalem  
 Hi Ho Kathoozalem The Harlot of Jerusalem

Back in the days of good King Knut  
 There lived a lass of ill-repute  
 In other words, a prostitute,  
 The harlot of Jerusalem.

She lived beside Jerusalem's walls,  
 And on these walls, she hung the balls  
 Of many a coot who tried to root  
 The harlot of Jerusalem.

There lived a student by these walls  
 And though he only had one ball;  
 He fucked them all, or damn-near all,  
 The harlots of Jerusalem.

One night, returning from a spree,  
 Full of vitamins A and B,  
 Was accosted by Kathoozalem,  
 The harlot of Jerusalem.

Along there came an Israelite,  
 A lusty bawling bastard shite  
 Who swore he'd come to spend the night  
 With the harlot of Jerusalem

He grabbed our hero by the crook,  
 And swearing on the Holy Book  
 He flung him into Gabriel's Brook  
 That flows through Jerusalem

He took her to a shady nook,  
 And from his pants the bastard took  
 A penis like a butcher's hook;  
 'Twas known throughout Jerusalem.

Our Hero, rising from his plight,  
 Grabbed that bloody Israelite  
 And stuffed him up with all his might  
 The arse hole of Jerusalem.

Kathoozalem, she knew her part,  
 She crossed her legs, let fly a fart  
 And out he flew like a bloody dart  
 Away across Jerusalem

And buzzing like a bloody bee,  
 He caught his balls upon a tree  
 A warning for all to see  
 When passing through Jerusalem

She gave birth to illigits,  
 Little shits with swinging tits,  
 They sold their fucks for threepenny bits:  
 The harlots of Jerusalem.

THE HARLOT OF JERUSALEM  
(virgin 2)

In days of old there lived a maid  
Who used to do a roaring trade  
A prostitute of ill repute  
The harlot of jerusalem

CHORUS

Hi Ho Kafcozalem, Kafcozalem, Kafcozalem,  
Hi Ho Kafcozalem, the harlot of jerusalem

She lived within the palace walls  
And round the walls were hung the balls  
Of every coot that tried to root  
The harlot of jerusalem.

Nearby there lived an arab tall  
Who with his prick could move a wall  
It was the pride of nearly all  
The harlots of jerusalem.

One night returning from a spree  
He saw her there beneath a tree  
And vowed that very night that he  
Would lay a son in jerusalem

He took her to a shady nook  
And from his crotch he took  
A penis like a butchers hook  
The finest in jerusalem.

He laid her down on her back  
And tried to shove it up her crack  
But had no luck in trying to fuck  
The harlot of jerusalem

Kafcozalem she gave a grunt  
And with a snap she shut her cunt  
And threw him high into the sky  
Far beyond jerusalem.

Away he flew across the sea  
Across the Sea of Gallilee  
And caught his buttocks in a tree  
Three leagues beyond jerusalem.

And there he hangs unto this day  
And seen by all who pass that way  
The silly ape that tried to rape  
The harlot of jerusalem.

--ooOoo--

BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO

Daisy, Daisy show me your grassy land  
I'm half crazy, my cock is on the stand,  
You are of the feminine gender  
Your crutch is soft and tender  
You sit in front, I'll tickle your cunt  
On a bicycle built for two.

Johnny, Johnny show me your long red cock  
I'm half crazy waiting that sudden shock.  
You are of the masculine gender,  
Your cock is long and slender,  
I'll sit in front, you'll tickle my cunt  
On a bicycle built for two

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THE HARLOT OF JERUSALEM

(virgin 3)

In days of old there lived a maid,  
A prostitute, a renegade,  
Who plied her roaring, whorey trade,  
Close by Jerusalem.

## CHORUS:

Hi Ho Cafoozalem, Cafoozalem, Cafoozalem,  
Hi Ho Cafoozalem, the harlot of Jerusalem.

There lived our hero by the wall,  
Although he only had one ball,  
He fucked the harlots one and all,  
All around Jerusalem.

One day this town was sorely blight,  
With a dirty shit of an Israelite,  
Who vowed he'd spend a pleasant night,  
In the cunt of Cafoozalem.

He took her to a shady nook,  
And from beneath his cloak he took,  
A penis like a reaping hook,  
The scourge of all Jerusalem.

He laid her on the earthen floor,  
And ground and ground on that old whore,  
Until his penis grew quite sore,  
The same as all Jerusalem.

Up came our hero full of light,  
And when he saw that Israelite,  
He shoved him up with all his might,  
The cunt of Cafoozalem.

Now Cafoozalem she knew her part,  
She squeezed her cunt and blew a fart,  
And out he shot just like a dart,  
Out of Jerusalem.

And buzzing like a bumble bee,  
He left his knackers on a tree,  
And there they are for all to see,  
Outside Jerusalem.

---ooOoo--

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home,  
Said the girl on the Bondi beach,  
I had a little swimsuit 'bout an hour ago,  
But it's floated out of my reach,  
And all that I have now,  
Is seaweed, sand and foam,  
So give me a page of the Sunday Sun,  
And show me the way to go home.

---ooOoo--

GROGGING ON

No cares have we to grieve us,  
No pretty little girls to deceive us,  
All we need is a piss to relieve us,  
As we go grogging on;  
Grogging on, grogging on, (repeat)  
As we go grogging on.

And we'll be full before too long,  
As we go grogging on.

---ooOoo--

LITTLE ANGELINE

She was sweet sixteen, and the village queen,  
 Pure and innocent was Angeline  
 Was a virgin still, never had a thrill:  
 Poor little Angeline.

Now the local squire had a low desire,  
 Dirtiest bastard in the whole damn shire.  
 And he'd set his heart on the vital part  
 Of poor little Angeline.

Came the local fair and the squire was there,  
 Masterbating on the village square,  
 When he chanced to see the dainty knee  
 Of poor little Angeline.

As she raised her skirt to avoid the dirt,  
 She slipped in the puddle of the squire's last  
 squirt,

And the sight that he saw made his rod grow raw  
 For poor little Angeline.

So he raised his hat and said "Your cat  
 Has been run over and is squashed quite flat.  
 Now my car's in the square, and I'll take you there".  
 Poor little Angeline.

Now that filthy turd should not have that bird,  
 But she climbed right in without a word.  
 As they drove away you could hear them say,  
 "Poor little Angeline".

They hadn't gone far, when he stopped the car,  
 And took her quickly to the nearest bar,  
 Where he fed her gin, for to make her sin;  
 Poor little Angeline.

When he'd oiled her well, he took her to a dell  
 And there he gave her bloody fucking hell  
 And he tried his luck on a low down fuck  
 Of poor little Angeline.

With a cry of rape he raised his cape,  
 Poor little Angeline had no escape,  
 Now its time someone came to save the name  
 Of poor little Angeline.

Now the village blacksmith was brave and bold  
 And loved Angeline for years untold,  
 And he vowed he'd be true whatever they'd do to  
 Poor little Angeline.

But sad to say, that very same day  
 The blacksmith had gone to jail to stay  
 For coming in his pants at the local dance  
 With poor little Angeline.

Now the window of the cell overlooked the dell  
 Where the squire with Angie was giving her hell,  
 And there upon the grass he recognised the arse  
 Of poor little Angeline.

When he saw them start, he released a fart,  
 And blew the walls of the cell apart,  
 Then he ran like shit, lest the squire should split  
 Poor little Angeline.

When he came to the spot, and he saw what was  
 what,

He tied the squire's . . . penis in a double  
 reef knot.

As he landed on his guts, he was kicked in the  
 nuts

By poor little Angeline.

Oh, blacksmith do, 'cause I love you true,  
 And I see by your trousers that you love me too.  
 I stand undressed so do your level best".  
 Poor little Angeline.

The noise of this brawl had been heard by all,  
 And as time passed, they were all enthralled  
 To hear the blacksmith shout, "Will you please  
 pull me out

Of poor little Angeline

The blacksmith's reputation for sustained masturbation  
Was well known throughout the nation.  
But who made him cry on her very first try?  
Poor little Angelina.

Now the rest of this story will not take long,  
For the blacksmith's penis was just one foot long.

Was his pride and charm, as long as his arm,  
Happy little Angelina.

---ooOoo---

#### CARALINA, THE COW PUNCHER'S WHORE.

Way down in Alabama, where the bullshit lies thick,  
The girls are so pretty and the cowboys are quick,  
There lives Caralina, the Queen of them all:  
Caralina, Caralina, the cowpunchers whore.

She's easy, she's greasy, she works on the street.  
Whenever you want her, she's always on heat.  
So leave your flies open, she's after your meat,  
And the stench of her quim knocks you clean off your feet.

One night I was riding way down by the falls.  
One hand on my pistol, the other on my balls.  
I saw Caralina a-using a stick:  
Instead of the end of a cowpuncher's prick.

I caressed her, undressed her, and laid her down there,  
And parted the tresses of curly brown hair:  
Inserted the penis of my trusty horse,  
And then there began a strange intercourse.

Faster and faster and faster went my steed,  
Until Caralina rejoiced at the speed.  
Then all of a sudden, my horse did backfire,  
And blow Caralina right into the mire.

Up jumped Caralina, all covered in muck;  
And said: "Oh, my dear, what a glorious fuck".  
She pulled her pants up and dropped dead on the floor,  
And that was the end of the cowpuncher's whore.

---ooOoo---

#### LAST NIGHT I FELT THE PANGS OF LOW DESIRE.

Last night I felt the pangs of low desire:  
I pulled my wire, I pulled my wire.

Last night, I pulled my pud, it did me good:  
I knew it would, I knew it would.

Thrash it, smash it, crash it to the floor,  
Squeeze it, tease it, catch it on the door,  
Some believe in buggery, other's say fucking's no good,  
But for personal enjoyment, I'd rather pull my pud.

---ooOoo---

#### THE SHITHOUSE BLUES

Dan, Dan, the sanitary man,  
Superintendent on the lavatory pan,  
He puts out the paper and he changes the towels  
Accompanied by the rythm of the rumbling bowels.  
Hot shit! I got the shithouse blues  
Hot shit! I wanna do it in my shoes.

---ooOoo---

CHARLOTTE THE HARLOT

I was riding through Texas where the bullshit  
lies thick,  
I was riding through Texas with my hand on my  
prick,  
When I suddenly saw her, the girl I adore,  
Twas Charlotte the Harlot the cowpuncher's  
whore,

## CHORUS:

She's easy, she's greasy, she lives on the  
street,  
And whenever you see her, she's always on heat,  
She'll do it for a dollar, come less or  
come more,  
She's Charlotte the Harlot the cowpuncher's  
whore.

She lay on the bed and was feeling quite fit  
When all of a sudden she felt like a shit,  
So she up with the window and out with her arse,  
Pity help the poor bastard who happened to pass.  
Chorus:

The poor old night watchman was pounding his beat,  
Up and down, up and down, up in the street,  
When he heard great thunder, he looked up in the  
sky,  
And a bloody great turd hit him right in the eye.  
Chorus:

The poor old nightwatchman was blinded for life  
With seven screaming kids and a syphillitic wife,  
You'll see him on the corner of Market and Pitt,  
With a sign round his neck saying, "Blinded by shit".  
Chorus:

---oo000oo---

CHARLOTTE THE HARLOT LAY DYING

Charlotte the Harlot lay dying  
A piss hat supporting her head  
The blowflies were around her  
She rolled on her left tit and said:

CHORUS: I've been fucked by the army, the navy  
By a bullfighting toreador,  
By dingoes and drongoes and dagoes,  
But never by maggots before.  
So roll back your dirty old foreskins  
And give me the cream of your nuts  
So they rolled back their dirty old foreskins  
And played "Home Sweet Home" on her guts.

Charlotte the Harlot repented  
She'd never have another bang,  
She wanted to go to heaven,  
She lay on her right tit and sang:-  
Chorus:-

Charlotte the Harlot was buried;  
The town was quieter than before;  
But one night at the local brothel;  
Her ghost it appeared at the door.  
Chorus:-

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WE ARE THE ENGINEERS.

We are, we are we are we are we are the Engineers,  
We can we can we can we can demolish forty beers,  
So come along my merry bots, and come and drink with us,  
For we don't give a damn for any old man that don't give  
a fuck for us.

My father was a hunter who was practising to shoot,  
My mother was a mistress from a house of ill repute,  
The last time that I saw them, these words rang in my ear,  
Get out of here you son of a bitch and join the Engineers.

A maiden and an Engineer were sitting in the park,  
The Engineer was busy doing researches after dark,  
His scientific method was a marvel to observe,  
While his right hand wrote the figures, his left hand  
traced the curve.

The Army and the Navy were out to have some fun,  
Down to the local boozers where the fiery liquors run,  
But all they found were empties for the engineers had come.

Sir Francis Drake and all his ships set out for Calais Bay,  
They heard the Spanish rum fleet was heading out that way,  
But the Engineers had beat them by a night and half a day,  
And though they drank for all that time, you still could  
hear them say ..

Now Caesar went to Egypt at the age of fifty three,  
But Cleopatra's blood was warm, her heart was young & free  
And every night when Julius said "Goodnight," at 3 o'clock,  
There was a Roamin' Engineer waiting round the block.

Godive was a lady who through Coventry did ride,  
To show the local yokels the colour of her hide,  
My father who was standing there an Engineer of course  
Was the only poor bastard who noticed that Godiva rode a  
horse.

She said "I've come a long way," and I will surely go as far  
With the man who takes me from this horse and loads me  
to a bar".

The man who took her from her stoad and shouted her a beer  
Was a wool-dressed, perfect gentleman, - a drunken Engineer.  
--ooOoo--

THE CLEAN SONG

There once was a sailor, he looked through his glass  
And spied a fair maiden with scales on her  
Island where seagulls fly over the nest  
She combed the long hair that hung over her  
Shoulders and caused it to tickle and itch  
The sailor cried out there's a beautiful  
Mermaid out sitting there on the rocks  
The crew came running grabbing their  
Glasses all eager to share in this piece of news  
That the Captain soon heard from the  
Watch. He put on his pants which he kept by the door  
In case he might someday encounter a  
Mermaid. He knew he must use all of his wits  
"Crying throw out a line, we'll lasso her  
Flippers. Fall in free soon after the farce  
She splashed in the waves and fell flat on her  
After coming with spoon  
This song may seem dull but it's certainly  
CLEAN.

—○○○○—



DANIEL

Back in the days of good King Wackernackeroff, there lived a man who was called Daniel. And it came to pass that Daniel wrote 'Arseholes' on the king's shield. Now in those days, it was no mean feat to write 'Arseholes' on the king's shield, so Daniel was banished to the lion's den forthwith. At the sight of Daniel in the lion's den, the lion shatteth a mighty shit, 40 cubits wide and thirty cubit high. "Shit" cried Daniel. "Right first time," replied the king, and the drinks were on Daniel.

So Daniel picked up a giant turd & flung it at the king smiting him between the eyes. "Shit" cried the king. "Right first time" said Daniel, and this time drinks were on the king. At this the king swore for blood, & ordered Daniel to battle; so Daniel took a lion and threw its left ball its back & its right one over its neck. "It tickles," cried the lion. "What tickles?" - "Testicles" and this time drinks were on the lion.

"COME FORTH" shouted the king, so Daniel, throwing his left testicle over his right shoulder, his right testicle over his left shoulder, ran, came fifth & was disqualified; and this time the drinks were definitely on Daniel. The King waxed exceeding wrath.

"Bring me my Brass Bound Bugging Box, my Cum-encrusted Circumcising Scissors, my Metal Moulded Masturbating Machine Bring me my Copper Coated Copulating Can, my Knurled Nickel Nacker Knocker and my Tungsten tipped Twot Twoozers."

"I hate little girls, they split."

Also present were Good Queen Vagina, her daughter, Princess Pearlyarse, and the Duchess of Dork, with forty maidens riding their menstrual cycles, 12 eunuchs playing on their strings, 10 strong men playing their phallic symbols, and Jock Strapp & his elastic band playing the latest poxtrot, 'Tools rush in where fingers should have led,'

"Shit" cried the queen, & 40,000 loyal arseholes strained in unison, for in those days the Queen's word was law. Drinks were on the Queen.

"Fuck me" cried the Duchess, but not solitary soul stirred, save the court jester, who stepped forward, candle in hand and said, "Here, go fuck yourself". Drinks were on the Jester.

"Fuck me" cried the Princess, and thousands died in the rush. Daniel being the ablest man, advanced prick in hand, grabbed the Princess by the lily white lips of her vagina, and drew her on like a well worn Russian jackboot. Drinks were on the King.

---oOo---

GOLIATH

Also of great fame during those days of the good king. was a mighty mountain man who was Goliath. And it came to pass that Goliath came down from the mountains into the mighty City of Jerusalem. Herein he went into the Synagogue and took unto himself a gentle maiden. This maiden he took into the wilderness, where he ravished her for forty days & forty nights. After this time, he raised himself from the mighty task, and turned again for the high mountains.

The maiden also rose & ran after him, crying "Goliath, Goliath, I am with child, what stops will you take?"

Goliath replied, "Bloody long ones"

---ooo---

THE OLD APPLE TREE.

Under the shade of the old apple tree,  
Through a hole in her pants I could see,  
A little black spot, some call it a twot,  
It was making queer faces at me!  
So I pulled out my Bell of New York,  
And plugged it right up like a cork.  
She cried out in glee, "Take it out while I pee,  
Under the shade of the old apple tree."

---ooOoo---

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SUNSTROKE SYPHILUS AND VARICOSE VEINS.

You wake in the morning in a terrible rage  
 Your mouth it feels like an unswept cage, (brains.  
 You've got lead in your pants, you've got fluff in your  
 You've got sunstroke, syphilus and varicose veins.

Chorus: Sunstroke, syphilus and varicose veins, (repeat)  
 The agony goes but the order remains, s, s & v v.

He calls in the specialists from all nations,  
 They say you've got the usual complications  
 The sunstroke loses and the syphilus gains,  
 And for the rest of your life you've got varicose veins.

Your legs you realise are far from limber  
 Your teeth they chatter like a baby marimba  
 You call in the doctor and he explains  
 You've got s, s & v.v.

They send for a priest he is irate,  
 He says your life must celibate.  
 You avoid emotional and muscular strains  
 'Cos you've got s, s & v.v.  
 (3rd line chorus) You're full of genital and vascular pains.

It starts with a love affair in the sun,  
 The beaches of Jamiaca are made for fun  
 The activity all your energy drains,  
 You're left with s, s & v.v. ( mains.  
 (3rd line chorus) you feel like your water is cut off at the

The doctor costs money and the priest does too  
 And when they're done you have 'nt a sou.  
 And all you've got to show for your pains is s, s & v.v.  
 (3rd line chorus) Your legs they feel like rusty chains.

The advertising boys hear of your case  
 Testimonials fill every space  
 Chlorophyll for sunstroke and the syphilus stains.  
 And you take a powder for the varicose veins.  
 (3rd line chorus) You're in the best of financial domains.

Sunstroke, syphilus and varicose veins, (repeat)  
 The agony goes on but the order remains s, s & v.v.

--ooo--

Moorland Mog

Chorus -At four sheepskins she'll do it, she'll do it  
 At four sheepskins she'll do it agin'  
 At four cowshorns she'll do it till morn  
 And merrily turn and do it again.

Among our young lassies is Moorland Mog  
 She'll beg you to do it, she'll beg and she'll beg.  
 At thirteen her maidenhead flew to the gate  
 And the door of her cage is wide open yet.

Her kettle black eyes want to tickle you so  
 Her lips seem to say oh love me please do,  
 The curls and the kinks of her bonny black hair  
 Would put you in mind the lassie has more.

An arm full of love and bosom so plump  
 A span of delight is her middle and rump  
 A taper white leg and a stomach in style,  
 And a fiddle nearby you can play for a while.

For love's her delight and kissing's her pleasure  
 She'll stick at her price and give you full measure  
 So take her warm hand man or better her leg  
 And sing of the praises of Moorland Mog.

--ooOoo--

THE FISHERMAN

good morning Mr Fisherman, Good morning said he.  
Have you any lobsters you can sell to me.

Chorus:-

Singing r3 tiddly oh,  
Shit or bust,  
Never let your bollocks dangle in the dust.

Oh yes sir yes sir, I have two,  
I will sell the biggest one of them to you.

Well I took that lobster home with me,  
And I put it where my missus has a pee.

Now early in the morning my missus had to go,  
To that place to let her water flow.

Now the lobsyer thought what a dirty stunt,  
So he stretched his claws and nipped her in the cunt.

The missus let out a mighty yell,  
Took off across the room like a bat out of hell.

Now the moral of this story I will tell to thee,  
Always have a shufti brfore you have a pee.

Now we've come to the end, and there is no more,  
There's an apple in my arsehole and you can have the core.

Now this really is the end, no more will pass my lips,  
there's an orange up my arsehole and you can have the pips.

---ooOoo---

NO BALLS AT ALL

Way down in Albertain where the bullshit lies thick,  
Where the cowboys are randy and the babies come quick,  
There lives my Lena the girl I adore,  
Lena, Lena the cowpuncher's whore.

Chorus:-

No balls at all, no balls at all,  
She married the man with no balls at all.

O Father dear I wish I were wed,  
I long to be fucked in a nice feather bed,  
For as it is now I get fucked in the grass,  
And the bloody scotch thistles go right up my arse.

Lena and a cowboy one day they were wed,  
And the very first night when they climbed into bed,  
She felt his penis, his penis so small,  
She felt for his balls, he had no balls at all.

O Mother dear Mother I wish I were dead,  
For the very first night when we climbed into bed,  
I felt for his penis, his penis so small,  
And I felt for his balls, he had no balls at all.

O Daughter dear Daughter, please don't be sad,  
For the very same trouble your dear daddy had,  
But there's many the man who will answer the call,  
Of the wife of the man who has no balls at all.

So Daughter dear Daughter, took mothers advice,  
And found the proceedings exceedingly nice,  
A bouncing young baby was born in the fall;  
To the wife of the man who has no balls at all.

---ooOoo---

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THE SHIEK OF ARABEE

There was a shiek of Arabee, Ride on, Ride on,  
 There was a shiek of Arabee,  
 A buggering fugging bastard he  
 With a swaggering pole right down to his knee,  
 Ride on you buggars ride on.

(on.  
 He called for his eunuch at half past nine, Ride, on, Ride  
 He was back in a flash with a lady gay,  
 She made for the bed & on it lay  
 He was on her and in her and working away,  
 Ride on you buggars ride on.

He was over & under & cum some more, Ride on Ride on,  
 " " " " " " " " " " " "

The blanket was shredded & wet with gore,  
 The springs gave way and they hit the floor,  
 Ride on you buggars, ride on.

They hit the floor with a terrible crack Ride on, ride on,  
 " " " " " " " " " " " "

The poor girl split from the front to the back,  
 And the shiek's proud horn was forever slack,  
 Ride on you buggars ride on.

Now here's the moral for you and all, Ride on Ride on  
 " " " " " " " " " " " "

If you want to make out & you're scared to fall,  
 Just lay her standing against the wall,  
 Ride on you buggars ride on.

--ooOoo--

I PUT MY HAND IN MY POCKET

I put my hand in my pocket, pulled out a penny  
 She said for that you won't get any.  
Chorus So come tie my root round a tree, round a tree  
 Come tie my root round a tree.

I put ..... nickel,  
 She said "Young man your wasting your time."

I Put .... quarter,  
 She said "Young man I'm a minister's daughter."

I put..... a half  
 She didn't say nothing, just started to laugh.

I put ..... a dollar,  
 She took my hand and put it in her collar

I put..... a five,  
 She said "Come inside and I'll see if you're alive."

Oh I rode her standing and I rode her lying,  
 And if she'd had wings I'd have rode her flying.

I went to the doctor 'cause my gun was sore,  
 Good lord said the doctor, it's the same damn whore.

You can put away your holster you can put away your gun,  
 The barrel's been split and your shooting days are done

The last time I saw her, and I haven't seen her since,  
 She was hustlin' a bull through a barbed wire fence.

--ooOoo--

SEXIATUS MANIA.

Sexiatus mania, Frustratum randium, Sexiatus mania,  
 Frustratum randium, Prostitutum contraceptum.  
 Hand et fingum masturbatum, Satisfactor relievium  
 satisfactor relievium.

OLD KING COLE

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,  
 And a merry old soul was he.  
 He called for his wife in the middle of the night;  
 And he called for his fiddlers three,  
 Now every fiddler had a fine fiddle and a very fine fiddle had he,  
 Fiddle diddle dee fiddle dee said the fiddlers merry men are we,  
 There's none so fair as can compare with the boys of L.A.C.

.....for his drummers three  
 Now every drummer had a fine drum and a very fine drum had he,  
 Rump-tiddy um tiddy um said the drummers....etc.

.....for his fluters three  
 Now every fluter had a fine flute .....  
 And a very fine flute had he,  
 Flute tiddy oot.....

.....for his jugglers three,  
 Now every juggler had a fine ball.....  
 Toss my ball in the air said the juggler.....

..... for his painters three,  
 Now every painter had a fine brush and a ...  
 Slap it up and down up and down said the painters ...

..... for his tailors three,  
 Now every tailor had a fine noddle ...  
 Thread it in and out in and out said the tailors ..

..... for his coalmen three,  
 Now every coalman had a fine sack ...  
 Put it in the front not the back said the coalmen ..

..... for his butchers three,  
 Now every butcher had a fine block.....  
 Slap it on the block lop it off said the butcher ...

..... for his fishermen three,  
 Now every fishermen had a fine fish ....  
 I've got one this long said the fishermen ...

--ooOoo--

ROAD TO THE ISLES

I was seated on the shithouse with my head between my knees  
 And the shadow of my prick against the wall; (my prick;  
 While the hairs were getting longer twixt my arsehole and  
 And the rats were playing billiards with my balls.

Now my name is little tilly, I'm a whore from Picadilly,  
 And my mother owns a brothel in the Strand;  
 While my father sells his arsehole 'neath the gates of  
 Windsor Castle,  
 We're the finest fuckin' family in the land.

There's a gentleman's convience, just behind the Waterloo,  
 And a ladies on the other side of town.  
 For a shilling on deposit you can hire a watercloset;  
 And a season ticket costs you half a crown.

Chorus Oh you can fuck me, you shag me,  
 You can fuck me till you're silly  
 We're the biggest pack of bastards in the land.  
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MADAMOISELLE FROM AMENTIERES

A German officer crossed the line, parlez vous  
To rape the women and drink the wine  
Inky pinky, parlez vous.

The officer came to a wayside inn  
He opened the door and walked right in.

"Oh landlord have you a room to spare  
A room for me and a stall for my mare

Oh yes I have a room to spare  
One for you and one for your mare

Oh landlord have you a daughter fair  
With milky tit and long fair hair

Oh yes I have a daughter fair  
With milky tits and long fair hair

But surely she is much too young  
She's only 13 and never been done.

Oh father I am not too young  
I've already been fucked by the parson's son.

So up the stairs the two of them went  
She came down with her knees all bent.

He laid her on a laundry box,  
He gave her a poke and she gave him the pox

Then up the stairs and into bed  
He fucked her till he was nearly dead

And when he'd filled the room with spunk  
The dirty buggar did a bunk

The first three months all was well  
The second three months she began to swell

The last three months she gave a grunt  
And a little black buggar jumped out of her cunt

The little black buggar he grew and he grew  
And now he's fucking the women too.

The little black buggar he went to hell  
And now he's shagging the devil as well

--ooOoo--

THE BALLS OF O'LEARY

The balls of O'leary, are great, big and hairy,  
Capacious and spacious like the dome of St. Pauls;  
The people all muster to see the great cluster,  
A great dirty pair, all covered in hair  
O'Leary 's balls.

The cum of O'leary is red hot and steamy,  
Squirting and spirting like a Wairakei Bore,  
The people all scatter when they feel the great splatter  
Of a slimy thick sea, all running with pee,  
O'leary's balls.

The tool of O'Leary is long strong and knobbly,  
Gigantic, romantic, like Pisa's great tower.  
The women start shivering when they feel it quivering  
A dirty great prick almost three inches thick,  
O'Leary's balls.

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PUB WITH NO BEER

It's a bastard away from woman and all,  
With a pain in the guts from great lovers balls,  
But there's nothing so lonely, shocking or queer,  
Than to knock off the barmaid who's got gonorrhoea.

The publican's anxious for the chemist to come,  
He's looking with lust at the barmaid's big bum,  
He's waiting for her to belt up the back,  
But without a French letter he might get the jack.

The stockman rides in with a masterly stroke,  
And takes off his pants to give her a poke,  
But the look on his face soon turns to a sneer,  
When the barmaid informs him she's gone in the rear.

The swaggie strides in while undoing his fly,  
And says "Give me a poke or I'll piss in your eye"  
The stockman jumps up and says "Don't do it mate"  
But the swaggie replies "Its too bloody late".

Old Billy the blacksmith for the first time in his life  
Goes home with a hard on to his darling wife.  
As he waits in the bedroom she says with a sneer,  
"Without a French letter you'll get nothing here".

There's a dog on the veranda still suffering from shock  
He's just seen the size of old Billy's cock.  
He dashes for cover and cringes in fear,  
"Billy's sure to root something, I'm moving from here."

---ooOoo---

THE DOGMOTHERS STROTTERS BALL.

I know a girl on the edge of town,  
She's a bloody backbreaker from the navel down.  
She's got a cunt like a teapot cover,  
And crabs on her arse are fucking one another.  
Now he's got a prick like a wireless pole,  
If he misses her cunt it's goodbye arsehole.  
Now they're shagging in the grass,  
He's stuffing inches up her arse,  
As he waves goodbye to his old canoodling balls.  
Roll over Habel, it's drier on the other side.  
Drunk with on, can't piss!

---ooOoo---

LOVERLY

All I want is a room somewhere,  
Fifty yards from Leicester square,  
I'd take all my boyfriends there,  
O wouldn't it be lovely.  
A little red light to show you in,  
A bath tub there full up with gin,  
We'll saturate in sin, O wouldn't it be lovely.

O so lovely bouncing up and down upon a bed  
Sometimes we'd do it down upon the fire-side rug instead.

Someone's hand resting on my knee,  
Slowly creeping up on me,  
What can his method be?  
I hope that it is lovely, lovely.....lovely.

---ooOoo---

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CHARLOTTE THE HARLOT

Virgin 3

Way out on the prairie where the bullshit is thick,  
Where wa:en are women and cowboys are quick,  
There lives pretty Charlotte the girl I adore;  
The pride of the prairie, the cowpuncher's whore.

Chorus:-

It's Charlotte the harlot the girl I adore;  
The pride of the prairie, the cowpuncher's whore.

She's dirty she's vulgar she spits in the street,  
Why whenever you want her she's always on heat,  
She'll lay for a dollar take less or more,  
She's Charlotte the harlot the cowpuncher's whore.

One day in the canyon no pants on her quim  
A rattle snake saw her and flung himself in,  
Now Charlotte the harlot gives cowboys the frights,  
The only vagina that wriggles and bites.

One day on the prairie while riding along  
My seat on the saddle my reigns on my dong,  
When who should I see but the girl I adore  
The pride of the prairie, the cowpuncher's whore.

I got off my pony I reached for her crack;  
But the darn thing was rattling and fighting me back.  
I took out my pistol and aimed at its head  
I missed the darn rattler and shot her instead.

Well her funeral procession was forty miles long  
With a chorus of cowboys all singing this song:  
"Here lies a young maiden who never kept score,  
Young Charlotte the harlot, the cowpuncher's whore."

---ooOoo---

ALL THE GIRLIES LIKE A CANDLE

All the girlies like a candle,  
All the girlies like a wick,  
Because there's something about a candle  
That reminds them of a prick.  
Nice and greasy slips in easy,  
It's a virgins pride and joy.  
There's a box upon the shelf,  
Get one down and fuck yourself.  
Only one and six a box,  
And ontirely free from pox.  
Ship ahoy sailor boy.

---ooOoo---

NELLIE DARLING

Oh I love the smell of nellie's perspiration,  
This little one cannot have to much.  
But I make one tiny stipulation,  
That its better from your armpits than your crutch.

Oh your arschole's like a stovepipe, Nellie darling,  
And the nipples on your tits are turning green.  
There's a yard of lint protruding from your vulva,  
You're the ugliest fucking bitch I've ever seen.

There's a thousand crabs a'crawling round your arschole,  
And when you piss, your piss's green as grass.  
There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle,  
So make one dear and shove it up your arse.

---ooOoo---



THE HIGHLAND LASSIE

There once was a lassie, with a big hairy twotty,  
Who was lifting up her skirties,  
For the wee highland men.

Oh then there was a nannio, with an upstanding cocky,  
Who was going up the lassie with the big hairy twotty,  
Who was flinging up her skirties for the wee highland men.

Then there was a nannio with a wee pair of glasses,  
Who was watching the nanie with the upstanding cocky,  
Who was going up ....

Then there was a nannio with a great big dagger,  
Who was going to stab the nannio with the wee pair of glasses  
Who was watching ....

Oh then there was a nannio with a double barrellled shotgun  
Who was going to shoot the nannio with the great big dagger,  
Who was going to stab.....

Oh then there was a policeman with a great big truncheon  
Who was going to hit the nannio with the double barrellled  
Who was going to shoot ... shotgun

Oh they all got together and they all had a party,  
And they all fucked the lassie with the big hairy twotty  
Who was lifting up her skirties  
For the wee highland men

--oooOooo--

KEY-HOLE IN THE DOOR

I left the party early, it was barely half past nine,  
And by a stroke of bloody good luck her room was close to  
(nine.

And so like brave Columbus, now regions to explore,  
I took up my position at the keyhole in the door.

CHORUS :- In the door.(2)

I took up my position at the keyhole in the door.

Seated by the fireside her toes she chose to warm (form.  
And only a little white shimmy on to cover her lilly white  
And as she took that shimmy off I couldn't have asked for  
(more.

I thought I saw her do it through the keyhole in the door.

I knocked with trembling fingers upon that wooden door,  
And after several seconds had crossed the threshold floor.  
And so to stop all others from seeing what I had seen before  
I stuffed that little white shimmy through the keyhole in  
(the door.

That night I slept in clover and many things besides,  
And on that lilly white belly I had many a glorious ride,  
And when I woke next morning, my prick was stiff and sore,  
It felt as though I had shoved it through keyhole in the  
(door.

And now all you astronomers, who think you are so wise,  
Gazing through your telescopes into the starry skies,  
Just think again upon what I have said,  
Your telescopes have fuck all on the key hole in the door.

--oooOooo--

There was a young girl from North Sydney  
Who could take men up to her kidney  
One chap by heck shoved it up to her neck  
He had a long one didn't he.

--ooOoo--

THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

One evening when the Duchess was preparing for a ball,  
She espied the village tinker pissing up against the wall.

Chorus

With his 12" kidney viper, balls like pigeon's peas,  
Half a yard of foreskin hanging down between his knees  
Hanging down inches thick,  
Hanging down, what a prick,  
Half a yard of foreskin hanging down below his knees.

Mounted on his charmer, forward he did ride (side.  
With his prick upon his shoulder, & his balls down by his  
He rode into the courtyard & on into the hall;  
God save us cried the Duchess, he's come to fuck us all.

First he did the chambermaid up against the wall,  
Then he did the butler, 'twas the dirtiest deed of all.  
(wick,

He called up to the duchess, who took out her pleasures  
And prepared her great vagina for the tinker's mighty prick.

He did her on the hallway, he did her on the stairs,  
And then the constant frictio set alight to all her hairs.

The Duchess screamed with ecstasy, & then began to shout,  
So the tinker cocked his leg up, & pissed the fire out.

The Duchess was well worn now, & fainted with desire,  
So the tinker changed his timing & relit another fire.

The tinker's balls were shrunken, his penis red and sore,  
So unplugging from the Duchess he retreated out the door.

The Duchess wrote a letter & on it she did say,  
That she'd rather have the tinker than her husband any day.

The tinker got the letter & as he began to read  
His prick began to fester & his balls began to bleed.

They say he did the devil when he went down to hell  
And though I wasn't there to see it, I bet he did him well.

--oOo--

THE MARRYING KIND.

If I were the marrying kind, Sir  
And you can bet I'm not, Sir  
The girl I'd choose to share my bed  
Would be a ..... girl, Sir.

'Cos I would ..... and she would .....  
And we would ..... together  
Oh what fun in the middle of the night  
.....ing hard together.

--ooo|ooo--

WAY DOWN IN THE VALLEY

Way down in the valley  
Where nobody goes  
There lives a young maiden  
Without any clothes  
Along came a swaggie, all tattered and torn  
Down went his britches and up went his horn  
Three months later all was well  
Six months later she began to swell  
Nine months later she gave a grunt  
And six little swaggies lept out of her cunt.

---ooo|ooo---

LOVES ALPHABET

A is for art the word that he uses  
 B is for blush as she gently refuses  
 C is the creep of his hand up her legs  
 D is the don't that she timidly begs  
 E is the excitement as his hand creeps higher  
 F is the feeling of helpless desire  
 G is the gasp as her pussy he touches  
 H is the helpless-ness she feels in his clutches  
 I is the itch that makes her feel hot  
 J is the jump as he touches her twot  
 K is the kiss that makes it feel good  
 L is for love that all tests has stood  
 M is the move that they make for the bed  
 N is the neat way her legs are outspread  
 O is the opening her two legs reveal  
 P is the penis gigantic and peeled  
 Q is the quiver she give's when it's in  
 R is for rapture when sweet bliss begins  
 S is the stroke growing stronger and stronger  
 T is the throb she'd like to be longer  
 U is the unison which sweetly flows  
 W is the wish to do it again  
 X is the extent of pleasure and pain  
 Y is the yearning that makes them feel sick  
 Z is the zambuck ho puts on his prick.

---oo!|oo---

THE HARLOT OF JERUSALEM (virgin 4)

Come listen to my tale of woe  
 It happened many years ago  
 When women rarely answered no  
 Way down in old Jerusalem

CHORUS

Hi ho Kafoozalem  
 Harlot of Jerusalem  
 Prostitute of ill repute  
 And daughter of the Ba Ba.

Now Kafoozalem was a wiley bitch  
 A hoary whore a brazen bitch  
 She causeth all the lips to twitch  
 That liveth in Jerusalem

There was a prince both dark and tall  
 His manly arch made all to fall  
 Whose victims lined the waiting wall  
 That standeth in Jerusalem

One night returning from a spree  
 His customary loar had he  
 Looked down the road and chanced to see  
 That brazen bitch Kafoozalem

With cunning eye and shady look  
 She led him to a shady nook  
 And to her bounteous bosom took  
 The pride of all Jerusalem

Now he was too abrupt alas  
 And so he made a hasty pass  
 That sent her flying into the grass  
 That grows in old Jerusalem

Now Kafoozalem was over gassed  
 She arched her back and loosed a blast  
 That sent him flying far and fast  
 Sailing o'er Jerusalem

Now when the moon is bright and red  
 A flying form sails over head  
 Still raining curses on the head  
 Of that brazen bitch Kafoozalem.

---ooo | ooo---

BLINDED BY TURDS.

There once was a woman who lived on our street,  
 Her passage was blocked up by too much to eat  
 She took stomach oils without reading the box  
 Before she could strip, turds were flying like rocks.

Chorus Tooraloo tooralay.

A rolling stone gathers no moss so they say,  
 Sing along with the birds  
 It's a wonderful song, but it's all about turds.

She ran to the window and stuck out her arse  
 Just at the moment a cowhand did pass  
 He heard the strange noise & gazed up on high  
 And a mighty great turd hit him, right in the eye

He ran to the East and he ran to the West  
 When a further consignment arrived on his chest  
 He fled to the North & he fled to the South  
 But a bloody great turd hit him right in the mouth.

Now the next time you walk over Flat River Bridge  
 Be kind to the cowhand asleep on the ridge  
 His chest bears a placard where on are these words  
 "Be kind to a cowboy who was blinded by turds."

--dp--

THE GREAT BIG WHEEL

Oh a cowboy told me before he died  
 And I've got no reason to think he lied  
 That though he tried for most of his life  
 He just never could satisfy his wife.

Chorus.

Round and round went the great big wheel  
 In and out went a rod of steel  
 I'll lay you money on a sure fire bet  
 That the great big wheel is turning yet.

So he mounted up a great big wheel  
 There upon a rod of steel  
 Two brass chambers a-filled with cream  
 And the whole bloody thing was run by steam

Then he rolled it through the bedroom door  
 And the wheel started up with a great big roar  
 It rolled to his wife and rolled on top  
 And it pumped in cream until she hollered stop

But the great big wheel just rolled on through  
 'Till the cowboy's wike was split in two.  
 Then as if possessed by a monstrous whim  
 It turned around and mounted him.

It rolled to the gate and it steamed real fast  
 Mounting all the people just a-strolling past  
 Covered them all with grease and cream  
 Till it disappeared in a cloud of steam.

So if ever you see a great big wheel  
 There upon a rod of steel,  
 Run for the prairie or over the hills  
 Unless you're looking for a long time thrill.

--dp--

IN DAYS OF OLD

In days of old when nights were bold,  
 And paper wasn't invented;  
 They wiped their arse with cutty grass  
 And had to be contented.  
     To be contented  
     They had to be contented

In days of old when knights were bold  
 And frangers weren't invented  
 They wrapped their cocks in woolen socks  
 And had to be contented  
     To be .....

In days of old when knights were bold  
 And women weren't invented  
 They drilled a hole in a wooden polo  
 And had to be contented  
     To be .....  
     --dp--

VIOLATE ME

Violate me in the violot time  
 In the violent way you know;  
 Ravage me, savage me, bruise me and damage me  
 On me no mercy bestow.....  
 The best things in life are free and obvious  
 Give me a girl who his lewd and lascivious  
 Violate me in the violate time  
 In the vilest way you know.  
     --dp--

RAMONA

Ramona. I'm just returning from the hunt  
 Ramona I'm longing for your cunt  
 I'll press it, caress it and make a mess all over  
                                     the floor.  
 I'll always remember how I slipped my arse through  
                                     the door  
 Ramona if you should hear a baby . call  
 Ramona, we'll drown it in the waterfall.  
 I dread the morn when I awake and find no horn  
 Ramona you dirty old whore.  
     --dp--

THE PASSENGERS

The passengers will refrain from flushing while  
 The train is in the station. We encourage constipation  
 while the train is in the station. If you wish to  
 pass some water, kindly call the pullman porter.  
 He will place a vessel in your room. If the porter  
 isn't near, then try the platform in the rear, the  
 front one is likely to be full. If the women's room  
 be taken, never feel the least forsaken, never show  
 a sign of sad defeat; try the men's room 'cross the  
 hall, and if some man has had to call, he'll  
 graciously relinquish you his seat. If these  
 efforts are in vain then simply break the window  
 pane. This novel method's used by few  
 We go strolling through the park, using statues in  
 the dark, if Mr. Pitt can do it so can you.  
     --odpo--

BE PURE (Dedicated to all our readers)

Be pure, be pure, be pure as the lilly, Reject your  
 old sinful ways, Don't smoke don't drink, take  
 your hands off that filly, Be chaste for the rest  
 of your days. Be wholesome, be wholesome  
 And remember the words that we say  
 Be pure, be pure, be pure as the lilly,  
 But don't ask us to show you the way. Amen.